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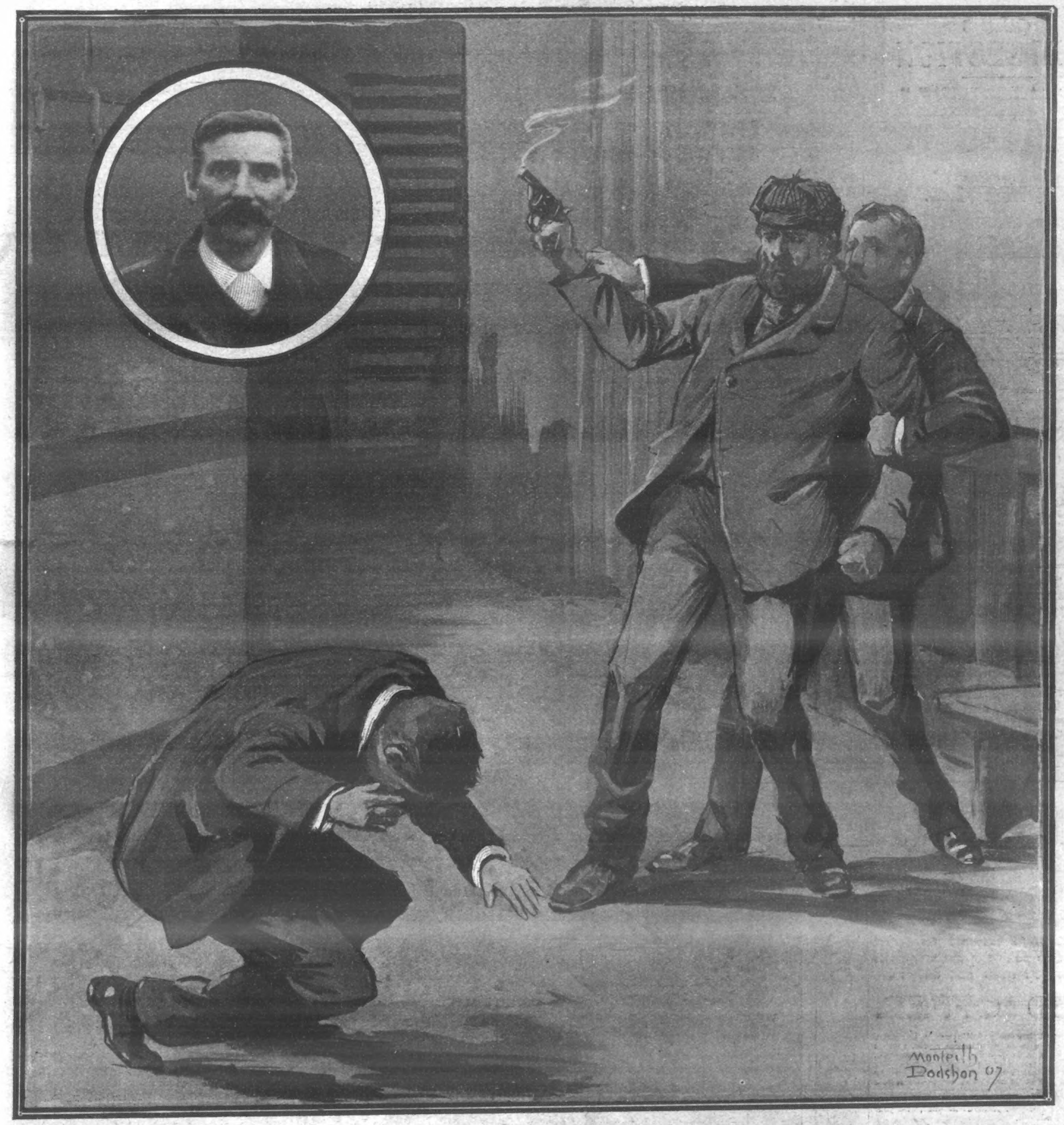

KILLED BY A BURGLAR: THE WINDY NOOK MURDER.

A terrible tragedy took place in the early hours of Friday last week near Gateshead, two officials of Windy Nook Co-operative Store being shot, one of them fatally, by an armed burglar. For some time considerable quantities of meat had been missed from the store, and it was decided to set a watch. John Patterson, Christopher Carr, George Ather (members of the store committee), and John Joseph Cowell (an assistant in the butchering department) concealed themselves in the store on Thursday night. Patterson, Ather and Cowell were in the sausage-making room on the right of the shop, Carr in the office on the left. Until half-past four in the morning nothing happened, then a key clicked in the lock of the front door, and a man, wearing a false beard and carrying a lantern, entered. A few seconds later three of the watchers sprang at the man, the fourth rushing to turn on the light. But the thief had no intention of being taken easily, and he fought like a tiger. Carr picked up a butcher's steel and struck the man several blows on the head, causing him to shout out that they were "using him — badly." The others appealed to Carr to be a little less violent, and, unfortunately as it turned out, he acquiesced. Apparently all somewhat relaxed their hold at the same time. This was the burglar's opportunity, and he seized it. Making a tremendous effort he managed at length to free his right arm, and, producing a revolver from his pocket, fired it straight at Patterson, who fell dead with a bullet in his head. The assailant immediately discharged his weapon a second time, and the bullet struck Carr in the leg. Carr staggered, and the thief, by a desperate effort, threw himself clear, and made a dash to the rendering-room. A man named Joseph Noble has since been arrested, and was taken before the magistrate and remanded. Inset is the murdered man.

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THE EDITOR TO HIS FRIENDS.

FREE SHOWS ON SATURDAYS.

MY DEAR READERS,—

IT is not often that anything in the way of a free show takes place on a Saturday, for, by a curious perversity of Fate, they usually contrive to happen on the family washing-day, or some equally inauspicious occasion, which means that very few of us indeed (I speak for those who are not millionaires or paupers) are free to hie out into the streets to take part in the fun.

You have naturally guessed by now that it is the fact that the Lord Mayor's Show is to be on a Saturday this year that has inspired me to write in this manner. Not that I really regard the pageant as a show, for it is more usually a miniature swimming of the Channel, with a goodly body of troops and police to keep the course. But, letting the unkindness of the elements pass, such shows may be taken as good and tending towards the happiness of the people. True, there are many superior people who laugh at these pageants, who say that they are a relic of uncivilised times; and that they ought to be abolished by Act of Parliament. Tush! If everything objectionable were abolished by law, we should be missing quite a number of familiar faces. Yet these same people will go and buy doubtful old furniture, which can never be really trusted to be of any practical value, mend the spavined legs with patent glue, and glory in the decaying woodwork of a period that might just as well be forgotten.

GLIMPSES OF SCARLET AND GOLD.

Certainly. These same people argue that pageants, amongst which the Lord Mayor's Show surely ranks, are also of no value; but there, with all humility, I beg to differ. Can it be denied that anything that gives pleasure, that gives the hard-working woman in the suburbs an excuse for a trip to town, that makes little children open their eyes wide, that makes you and I peer out of dingy office-windows to catch a glimpse of scarlet and gold, is good? My dear readers, I have lived long enough to learn that I know very little, but that one thing I do know, and if I am wrong (which a kind Heaven forbid) I am still prepared to uphold my belief against all comers.

It often occurs to me that life, as we moderns know it, has become a very serious thing: just a grinding education, a thrust-out into businesses that are already overcrowded, a learning of things that were better left unlearnt, and then——

But why bother about it all when the Lord Mayor's Show is at our very door? Let us leave the office early, sally out into the mud and rain, assure each other that the weather will be better before long, and be children once more. Let us stand on each other's toes, dodge back in affright before the stern eye of a policeman, and stare eventually at the plumes of the Life Guards' helmets.

SIMPLE PLEASURES ARE BEST.

A simple pleasure like that—aye, foolish, if you will—is better for you than all the problem-plays and problem-books that have been written, because it is—simple. It is a going back, a wandering in days that we have really left far behind, and we can be thankful that we are still able to go back to them, if only for a glimpse through rain. A child's pleasures are *real* pleasures, for it sees beyond, and beneath, and things that we grown-ups have taught ourselves not to see, because they are called—foolish. Really, we have a regard for them, as we have an affection for old places that we have known long, long ago; but we have to hide that regard because other people, who probably also cherish the same thoughts, laugh at us.

"What!?" they say; "go to a Lord Mayor's Show! How absurd."

You probably agreed with them, even adding a few carefully thought-out remarks on the subject; then, somehow, on the day, you find yourself one of the crowds in the streets; once more you stand on tip-toe, again you see nothing but the waving plumes on the helmets.

Beside you is the man who said that such shows were absurd.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

Am I going this year? Really, I don't know, but I am sure of one thing, I shall be there if it is humanly possible. I am going to glory in being one of the so-called feeble-brained people who revel in such sights; I am going to push and jostle into the front rows with the best of them. I am going to get soaked through if necessary, have my toes frost-bitten should it be wintry weather—in fact, I am going to risk everything to see the Lord Mayor's Show.

Just for one more year I am going back to childhood for a brief time; I am going to forget the workaday world, and to believe that the Lord Mayor and his Corporation always go about in their gorgeous robes. I am going to be the most foolish of all the foolish children, I am going to be so young in mind that I shall scarce know myself. I am going—to see the Lord Mayor's Show, and I don't care who knows it.

YOUR EDITOR.

Photos. Weston and Illus. Bureau.

THE NEW LORD MAYOR AND HIS SHOW.

Alderman Bell will on Saturday next step into the shoes of one of the most popular Lord Mayors, in the person of Sir William Treloar, who have ever held office. It is said that this year's Show would more aptly be called a pageant, as very great pains have been taken to make the costumes historically correct, and raise it above the ordinary level. Our lower photograph shows a mock execution scene by actors who will take part in next Saturday's pageant.

THE ADVENTURES OF BRANDON BARR, SOLICITOR.

By Henry T. Johnson, Author of "Miss Desperado," "With This Ring," etc.

No. I.—THE SILVER WIDOW.

"SORRY, Highness, but I cannot disarrange my appointments."

And Brandon Barr, ringing off, resumed the dictation to his shorthand writer of "Instructions to Counsel" in the forthcoming *cause célèbre* that was shortly to electrify London Society.

Five minutes later the telephone purred again. This time the outer office informed its chief that General Sir Nicol Alastair insisted on seeing him at once.

"No." That was all, and the receiver clicked back on its rest. And some five minutes later a fiery-faced Anglo-Indian, striding United Servicewards, startled Piccadilly with the vehemence of his soliloquy.

Brandon Barr went on dictating, but the air seemed full of interruptions. Once again the black eye-brows knit protestingly, and the clean-shaven, square mouth hardened. This time an indicator clicked, displaying the red disc, and Barr touched the button let into the table border. The green baize door noiselessly opened; a noiseless clerk crossed the noiseless carpet. Barr unfolded a slip of paper. "Yes," he said. And the clerk and shorthand writer disappeared together.

There was a frou-frou of silks and sequins, the air was fragrant with ess-bouquet. "I reckon it 's an unexpected pleasure," said the fascinating brunette, who seated herself in the clients' chair, watching the strong, sphinx-like face through the long slits of her drooping black-lashed lids.

"That is neither here nor there," said the human repository of nine-tenths of the secrets of Smart Society. "All that matters is that you are here."

"Yes, here in the Skeleton-Cupboard, as people in Society call your place," said the lady. "Say, Mr. Barr, I really do at times wonder whether you are amazingly clever or, like most other things on this side the Atlantic, amazingly over-rated."

"I can't afford to waste time in gossip, even with Mrs. Vanderbock," he said; "so, if you please, we will come to terms."

The black eyes within the long-lashed slits blazed triumphantly, a faint flush tinged the creamy, olive, oval face.

"See here, Brandon Barr," she said, bringing down a diamond-laden wrist, "we 'll do nothing of the sort. There aren't going to be any terms."

"Then are we to go to a jury?"

"No," said the lady, "the Duke of Berkshire's gospel is *noblesse oblige*."

"Exactly; that 's your trump card. Drunk or sober, you 've got his promise to marry you; his mother offers fifty thousand if you 'll let him off, and he 'd add another fifty if he had it."

"I know, but he hasn't; even if he had, there 'd be no deal. Mr. Vanderbock left me all the dollars I 'm wanting."

"Then why this interview?" And Barr's eyebrow tightened on his monocle in a puzzled wrinkle.

"I 'm coming to that; you can bet I am not here simply to swank. I know that, for all you can't spoil my game, I could score more tricks with you on my side."

"I don't quite follow."

"Tut-tut! As if—— See here, guess you 're his mother's Grand Vizier, guide, philosopher, and friend. If you 'll talk her round to bring the Kershaw estate, that she holds in her own right, into settlement, hinting, say, that she 's no right to will it from him, I 'm prepared to come down handsome in the way of dollars."

And the Silver Widow, as Society had named her, cooing these arguments across the table, fixed on Brandon Barr the languorous look that men innumerable had found irresistible. She might as well have wasted it upon a bronze. Even as she spoke he had pressed a button, the baize door swung open, and Brandon Barr directed the clerk to conduct Mrs. Vanderbock to her car.

"What wonder people are tiring of hereditary legislators, who can't manage even their own affairs!" he said; then turned his eyeglass on his diary. It was Saturday morning, and a short day. There was an entry timed for 11.30, "The Linacre Jewels." Once again he scanned a cryptic "agony" column Press cutting, looked at his watch, then, signalling for a hansom to be hailed, drove in the direction of Euston Road, alighting at the corner of a mean street.

Those to whom Brandon Barr, the Society solicitor, was a familiar figure in the Row and the drawing-rooms of Mayfair, would have been surprised to observe him enter the swing-door, inscribed "Saloon Bar" of a frowsy public-house and order a whisky and mineral of a frowsy barmaid. The only other occupants at the moment were a couple of disputants as to the respective merits of Messrs. Campbell-Bannerman and Balfour, and a gentleman apparently dozing in the corner over the previous day's *Sportsman*. The two politicians, their refreshment and, apparently, their resources finished, but not their argument, presently departed, and the semi-somnolent reader, laying aside the day-old paper he had not been reading, placed a clove-pink in his buttonhole, then looked up at Brandon Barr, who gave a nod of recognition.

He was a man of semi-sporting cut, blue shaven, hook-nosed, wearing snuff-brown check "dittoes" and a bowler. The type of man to be found in second-class billiard-saloons or on the fringe of the racecourse's "silver rings."

For a few moments they chatted, casually, of current racing and cricket, till the stranger muttered in a quick undertone—"So you mean business?"

"Of course."

"Have you got the brass?"

"Yes."

Leaving the frowsy hostelry, they boarded a hansom, and presently drew up at the sombre portals of a sombre house in a sombre street in Bloomsbury. The man with the clove-pink entered with a pass-key and led the way up a heavy, dark, oaken staircase to a room upon the second floor, which, with a quick glance, Brandon Barr noted faced upon the street.

He noted, too, the presence of two other individuals, one lank and long of features, limbs and garments, who lolled back in a wooden armchair, his feet crossed on the mantelpiece. The other was short of stature, but his frame was massive and of abnormal depth and breath, and his square jowl was rendered heavier by a thick beard and heavy moustaches, like his close-cropped hair, jet-black.

Imperturbable as ever, the lawyer made no sign, but from memorised descriptions recognised two notorious jewel-thieves, for years the despair of the police of New York, Paris, and London.

"Mr. Barr," said the long, lank person, "come right in and sit right down. I 'm real proud to meet you—the greatest criminal lawyer on this side the Atlantic, and the confidant and adviser of three-fourths of the British Aristocracy. Hiram, fix Mr. Barr up a drink."

But Brandon Barr shook his head. "I 'm not here," he said tersely, "to drink or chatter. You have Lady Linacre's jewels?"

"Well, that depends. Have you twenty thousand pounds?"

"I have, and am prepared to bring negotiations to a close on the terms agreed.

"No questions, no prosecution, no further inquiries?"

"On the terms agreed. Let me see the jewels."

"My! He 's as high an' mighty as Teddy Roosevelt," growled the black-bearded, stunted Hercules; but his lean companion exclaimed—

"Shut your head! This man 's no time to cut to waste. Hand up the stuff."

Removing a loose plank in the floor, from the aperture, the black-bearded one produced a red morocco case about a foot square and deep, flung it open, and Brandon Barr was gazing on the mass of liquid, shimmering fires made by the famous Linacre diamonds, those almost priceless heirlooms whose disappearance from Grosvenor Square had electrified the world three months ago.

And, drinking in the wondrous beauty of their liquid fires even as he disclosed them, he growled: "The ransom 's too low; we could have got five times as much in Amsterdam or on the other side."

"Again, you might have got five years," said Barr coolly. "But I have neither time nor inclination to consider your regrets." He screwed in his eyeglass and scanned the jewels in their maroon plush bed intently—tiara, pendant, bangles, all.

Then he took from the breast-pocket of his frock-coat a wallet and unlocked it, withdrawing and counting out a sheaf of notes to the extent of twenty thousand pounds.

Placing these upon the table with one hand, he laid the other upon the jewel-casket.

Two of the ruffians, one Brandon's guide, the other the stunted, thick-set man with the thick-set beard, exchanged glances.

In an instant the latter had snatched up the bundle of bank-notes and the jewels, and slung the table round between him and the lawyer, and the guide, his back to the door, had clicked the key.

"What! that's your game?" said Brandon Barr, recoiling—with his back to the wall.

"You bet!" chuckled the black-bearded one, "that 's our game, and this is the grand slam; we rake in the ransom, we keep the stuff, and we get the bulge on Brandon Barr, the slickest lawyer on this side."

But the lean man in the chair sprang up and banged a fist down on the table. "But that 's not my game, Hiram Galfin. I 'm as big a crook as you, but I play strict cricket, and when crooks turn on lawyers, I guess it 's dog eat dog."

"You simmer down, Dirk Hannaford, and shut your head," the bearded, stunted Hercules replied menacingly, "or else, by the living Jehoshaphat! there 'll be two instead of three to divide the pool!" And he slipped his hand to his belt.

But Brandon Barr, with never a tremor in his voice, commanded, "Put down those jewels, you blunder-headed scoundrel? Do you think those notes have not been listed, so that I could put my hands on those that uttered them within an hour?"

"Perhaps," said the other, "if we were slow and silly. But how are you going to get away to do it, Mr. Brandon Barr? We 've got the stuff, we 've got the notes, and we 've got you."

"Are you quite sure?" said Brandon Barr. "May I ask how you propose to hold me?"

"Well," grinned the stunted Hercules savagely, "my pard who brought you here carries a knife that he knows how to use, and that makes no noise; but, if it comes to ructions, I carry something else, and I 'll risk the noise."

"And do you think I was fool enough to come here unprepared, unwatched?" said Brandon Barr. "Don't move, or by the Lord whose every law you 've broken I 'll shoot you dead!"

And in a flash he had whipped his right hand from the breast of his frock-coat, and there was a pistol in it.

"Bully for the lawyer!" said the long man who had championed him.

"Did you think I followed you here without somebody following me?" said Barr, addressing the guide, who now was janitor. "Did you think those two men were only there to twaddle pot-house politics? Why, they 're waiting—watching—why, every window of this house, back and front, is watched; and because my signal—a white handkerchief to the front window—was not given, they 're waiting there to see me come out safe and sound, if not, to know the reason why."

"That 's just as well to know," said the janitor, snatching the key from the lock, and dashing at the window he waved a handkerchief across it, which was just what Barr meant him to do.

"Thanks," chuckled Brandon Barr, "the end justifies the means. I wanted that signal given. Hark!"

And crash! crash! crash! came the blows upon that heavy, sombre door. The Yankee jewel thieves, caught like rats in a trap, eyed each other despairingly, save the lean, lank man, who, replacing his feet upon the mantelpiece, chuckled audibly—"Well, I reckon this

In a flash Brandon Barr had whipped his right hand from his frock-coat, and there was a pistol in it.

is worth a stretch." The black-bearded man edged a trifle nearer. Brandon Barr, with that muzzle level with his eyes, said very quietly—"Another inch and I shoot you dead, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

And something in the man's tense quietude told and held the Herculean ruffian back. A stampede of feet up the stairs, a splintering crash, the door flew open. Detective-Sergeant Keene, from Scotland Yard, saluted Brandon Barr. Behind him the traitor guide recognised with a gasp the disputants as to Tariff Reform.

The bracelets clicked upon two pairs of wrists, but as the Sergeant approached the lean, lank man Brandon interposed—"That man's not on in this act, Sergeant. Take those two along and charge them. I want this man to come along with me."

And gathering up both the redemption price and the stolen jewels, Brandon Barr left the premises, accompanied by his new acquaintance, Mr. Hannaford.

Presently they took a hansom, and Barr returned to 6A, Sackville Street. "You may as well step inside," said Barr, for the man who had done his best to save his life, and whose life he had quite saved, had been usefully communicative, especially concerning the pair of bunco-steerers, long firm swindlers, and all-round crooks with whom he had especially crossed from New York for the purpose of stealing the Countess of Linacre's jewels, but who had, in his own words, "played it too low down."

Barr entered 6A, Sackville Street, with a pass-key by a side door; then, motioning his companion to a seat, suggested the possibility that he could do with a drink. "I should smile," said the other. "after what we've been through. Sakes! Mr. Barr, I reckoned I'd got an iron nerve, but I take off my hat to you, Sir."

"That's all right," said Barr, producing the Tantalus and a syphon from a cabinet. "Say when."

"I guess I'll take it pretty stiff," said the other, "after being as near to kingdom come as I ever shall be till I get right there. S'luck!" And he drained the stiff three-fingered peg, practically raw.

"Have a cigar?"

"You're more than kind—you're a sport, and I'm glad I've bucked up for you, for all it ended in your having to buck up for me. Why, holy Moses! what's this?"

He was gazing as though hypnotised at that week's number of *The Sketch*, containing a three-quarter length portrait of "Mrs. Vanderbock, the beautiful Silver Widow, whose engagement to the Duke of Berkshire is this week announced."

Brandon Barr, lighting a cigar, watched him narrowly, though he only casually remarked, "Ah, yes! Do you happen to know Mrs. Vanderbock?"

"Mrs. what?'

"Vanderbock, the widow of the Bonanza millionaire, who left her his enormous fortune after six brief months of wedded life."

"Know her? I should smile!" said the other. "I didn't know the late C. N. Vanderbock, though, of course, I knew of him; and I didn't know that the Siren of the Pacific Slope had married him, else I'd have understood his sudden demise."

"But you know her, then? What's that you call her—the Siren of the Pacific Slope?"

"That's so, and I know one man who's waiting to come up with the Siren if he waits ten years, and then it's going to be a bad quarter of an hour for the lady."

"Who's that?"

"Hiram Galfin," said the other; "the dago who would have blown your brains out if it hadn't been for your iron nerve and your splendid bluff."

"What! The wide-shouldered dwarf?"

"That same, a dwarf, but the one-time champion weight-lifter from the Pacific Slope to the Atlantic seaboard. Why, that man's deadlier with those iron hands of his than most men with knife or club, and has done some wicked things with them; but I reckon the wickedest 'll be when he comes up with Satanita—as he used to call her."

"Really? This is intereresting," said Brandon Barr. "And what's the trouble?"

"Only this," said Mr. Hannaford. "Five years ago, when Hiram was risking Penitentiary, the Tombs—yes, and the electrocuting-chair itself, so that Satanita could deck herself with the diamonds she'd sell her soul or his or anybody else's for, there came along a Mexican ranch-owner who made her presents—yes, made love to her, too. Things began to hum lively—a bad-tempered husband, with iron hands, was in the way."

"The what? The husband!" Brandon Barr, with almost an approach to excitement, exclaimed.

"That same," Mr. Hannaford replied. "About the only legal and regular transaction Hiram ever carried out was that wedding. It was too regular carried out for Mrs. Galfin; so she took on herself to quietly but very completely give Hiram away regarding the holding up of a mail train, and before her real recognised and regular lord and master had been four-and-twenty hours safe in the Penitentiary, Satanita was away out to 'Frisco and elsewhere along with the Mexican and the best part of Hiram's share of the boodle in her Saratoga trunk. Someone kindly told Hiram all the story as soon as he was through with his term, and ever since he's been waiting very patiently to come up with her."

* * * * * *

On the following Saturday afternoon, from Piccadilly to Isleworth stretched one long line of carriages and motor-cars. The Duchess of Northumberland's garden-party at Syon House was in full swing, the Guards' Band filled the summer air with perfect harmony, the ravishing toilettes vied with the flower parterres in harmonies of colour.

"By Jove! you here, Barr?" said Lord Linacre. "What a pleasure to meet you outside 'The Skeleton Cupboard'! No, no"—his answer to an appealing look from his Countess—"I daren't ask him a shop question here."

"I'd dare anything for my dear diamonds," said her Ladyship. "Mr. Barr, will you, just for once, talk shop out of doors?"

"I came here expressly to do so," said Brandon Barr, "and to tell you I've got back your diamonds."

"You darling man!" the Countess said; and a lady seated at an adjacent tea-table, looked up and said to her cavalier: "Godolphin, there's that brute Brandon Barr. Take me across to him; I want to score off him before everybody."

"My dear, dear Renée, you absolutely mustn't. Scenes are impossible here; besides, I'm responsible for everything my lawyer's done."

"Nothing that I want is impossible. The sooner you learn that, the better. See here, I'm not to be insulted twice in one day. Don't contradict, you did insult me. I wanted you just now to bring your mother to this table."

"And I decline. My mother does not like you, and, whatever happens, nothing shall induce me to wound her feelings or to make her party to a vulgar scene."

"We'll see," replied the Silver Widow, "who's going to have the whip hand, your mother or your bride-to-be. Say, Mr. Brandon Barr, come right here. Fancy their letting attorneys in at a swagger function like this."

To her surprise, the man she hated, raising his hat, approached her with a smile. "Mrs. Vanderbock, I'm quite charmed to meet you here, and with the Duke."

"Yes, and neither you nor his mother can part us. Can they, Godolphin?"

"Renée, Renée!" the young Duke appealed almost piteously, for his mother was approaching, between two Crown Ministers.

"Mrs. Vanderbock," said Brandon Barr, "may I have one word with you concerning an old friend of yours now in London?"

She looked up at him with suspicious defiance. "Who do you know who knows me?" she flashed.

"I know so many people," he said, "some of them such strange people; for instance, Mr. Hiram Galfin—Ah! you are a trifle indisposed. May I suggest that you are sitting in the sun-glare and rather close to the band. Suppose we walk a little way towards the shade."

She rose, accompanied him without a word, till beyond earshot, in the dusk of overhanging elms, she turned a gleaming white face on him.

"What do you mean, Brandon Barr? What do you think you've found out?"

"A good deal," he said. "For instance, I've found out your husband, and can lay my hand on him within an hour."

"Hiram Galfin?" The name was out. There was no use recalling it, it was too late to bluff. "No! no!" she said, "you haven't told him I'm here—in London?"

"No, and I don't propose doing so, seeing that, knowing he is here, I am sure you will be leaving not only London, but England, immediately."

"If not ——?"

"Well, really, that is your own affair."

"Just give me five minutes to think. He'll kill me—strangle me! He's sworn it! I'll have to quit. And now you know you'll never let the Duke marry me, you—devil with a face half of a monk and half of a Mephistopheles! Wait, I'm going to think things over." Turning on her heel she swept along the winding, darkened gravel-walk.

Brandon Barr, watching her retreating form, suddenly in his turn wheeled round and strode along another leading to the same point—hastened to where the Duchess of Berkshire sat absorbed in unhappy contemplation—whispered in her ear: "Make no compromise. She can't marry the Duke, she has a husband living!"

And turning on his heel he approached a group of royalties and semi-royalties, serene as any Highness there.

"Duchess," said the Silver Widow, seating herself beside her Grace of Berkshire, "I've been thinking that, after all, your boy is just a bit too young for me. I'm not so set on the match as I've thought I was, and, if you like, I'd just as soon take the fifty thousand you offered me to call it off."

"Mrs. Vanderbock," said the beautiful blonde matron, "when, some weeks ago, I made that offer, your expression was that it was 'off, right off,' so we must now regard it as off, right off."

Which was, perhaps, the nearest approach to modern argot the most beautiful Duchess of the present day ever allowed herself.

And that very night the Silver Widow was, in another sense, off—right off—to other lands, and the young Duke of Berkshire was saved from himself again—thanks to Brandon Barr.

'P.I.P.' Gardener and Poultry Farmer.

Nov. 9 to 15.—The next few weeks will probably be among the slowest in the year for the amateur gardener. It is impossible to get any work done before breakfast now, and darkness sets in soon after four. Still, one must make the most of things, and in the bright intervals, when the weather permits, progress may be made in spring bed-making and border-planning. The present, indeed, is said by many to be the very best time of all for planting hyacinths in the open ground. My own plans this week lie chiefly in this direction. Some weeks ago I dug and prepared a strip of ground, and shall be busy planting soon. Last year's bulbs I shall have right at the back, and the current season's supply well to the front. Plenty of variety may be ensured in planting such beds or borders. There are the wallflowers, dwarf antirrhinums (snap-dragons), polyanthus, pinks, auriculas, and a host of other hardy plants that may be included in the make-up, and all may be purchased very cheaply from any nurseryman. By the way, violets for winter flowering ought, by now, to be placed in a cold frame. In the kitchen-garden, things are just as dreary and cheerless. I have a little earthing-up to do to my celery and leeks, and, of course, there is always autumn digging to do; but, beyond this, I am among the unemployed, in that direction at all events. Parsnips are coming in well now, but, except in very damp, water-logged gardens, I should advise leaving the roots in the ground for a time.

My Garden Plans.

I am eternally making fresh plans in my large garden, and improvements continually suggest themselves. Just now, for instance, I am making great changes round my lawn, and perhaps you may care to follow some of my ideas. In the first place, I have a great weakness for the evergreen arch over a path, and I find that at this time of year the dealer in rustic furniture cuts his prices very low. I have therefore been able to follow the ladies' example in securing as a great sale bargain three splendid eight-feet arches, over which I am going to train some large-leaved Irish ivy, which I find is also going at a reasonable figure. I prefer this beautiful, robust ivy with its superb deep green to any of the more fanciful silver or golden varieties, which are so slow-growing beside the other vigorous monster. Alongside the path mentioned I am planting standard roses, some six feet apart, and I need hardly mention here the great importance of digging a wide, deep hole first, and filling-in liberally with rich, well-rotted manure. Nor need I emphasise the necessity of not planting the tree too deep, and of spreading out the roots well. Standard and half-standard roses should cost from 10s. to 18s. per dozen, and I can confidently recommend as being as near perfection as possible Baroness Rothschild, Duke of Connaught (a splendid crimson), Frau Karl Druschki (a first-rate bloomer), and the well-known, specially hardy Duke of Edinburgh.

Garden Planning Again.

Quite a new phase of gardening is that of growing bulbs in prepared fibre in undrained, decorative vases and bowls, and I find the lady-folk in my own establishment much smitten with the idea. Some nurserymen, indeed, to judge by their shops and catalogues this season, appear to be adding greatly to their stock (and I hope to their profits) by selling the china bowls and vases very extensively. Another notion is to grow acorns and many of the bulb family in nothing but tiny sorted pebbles and water, and I hear that this may be done with every success. The great points to bear in mind in drawing-room gardening are these: (1) Have the proper fibre, containing proportions of peat, chopped shell, and broken charcoal; (2) When planted, keep your bulbs in a dark, airy place for a month at least, till the green growth is well advanced; (3) After a good initial soaking, water sparingly till the buds appear, when the supply of moisture should be considerably increased. From my own experience, I find tulips the most troublesome and least successful bulbs to raise in moss-fibre, but all kinds of hyacinths, daffodils, narcissus, and crocus are first-rate subjects. Lily-of-the-valley is also a success in the fibre. I have a dark cellar packed with bulbs in fibre, pebbles, and sandy soil, and I shall hope, in due course, to have photographs for you, together with details of my successes and failures, if any. Certainly there can be no better form of table decoration than the actual living flower.

The Drawing-room Gardener.

The old-time farmer would tell from a glance at the scarlet pimpernel when rain was to be expected, but Professor Nowack has gone far further than that, and by means of a plant he has discovered, the "Weather Plant," or *Abrus precatorius nobilis*, he can predict with certainty not only rain or fine weather but also approaching storms, cyclones, earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, and so on. This is no passing fancy, but stern, hard fact accredited by scientists and proved by experiments and experiences extending over many years. The story of this uncanny plant is admirably told in the current number of the *Wide World Magazine*, and reality is lent to it by the knowledge that we have, here in London—at Denmark Hill, in fact—an observation-station where a large number of weather plants are thriving and performing their allotted task with great satisfaction. The plant is a native of Cuba and Mexico, and is so strangely sensitive to electric and magnetic changes in the air that the twigs and leaves perform peculiar movements when such changes take place, each of which has a definite significance. So long ago as 1883 our King (then Prince of Wales), who was in Vienna at the time, took a great interest in the plant, because Professor Nowack was able to predict to the very hour that a violent thunderstorm would wreck one of the garden-parties given by his Royal Highness—a catastrophe that duly occurred. The future of the experiments in London will certainly be watched with keen interest.

The Weather Plant.

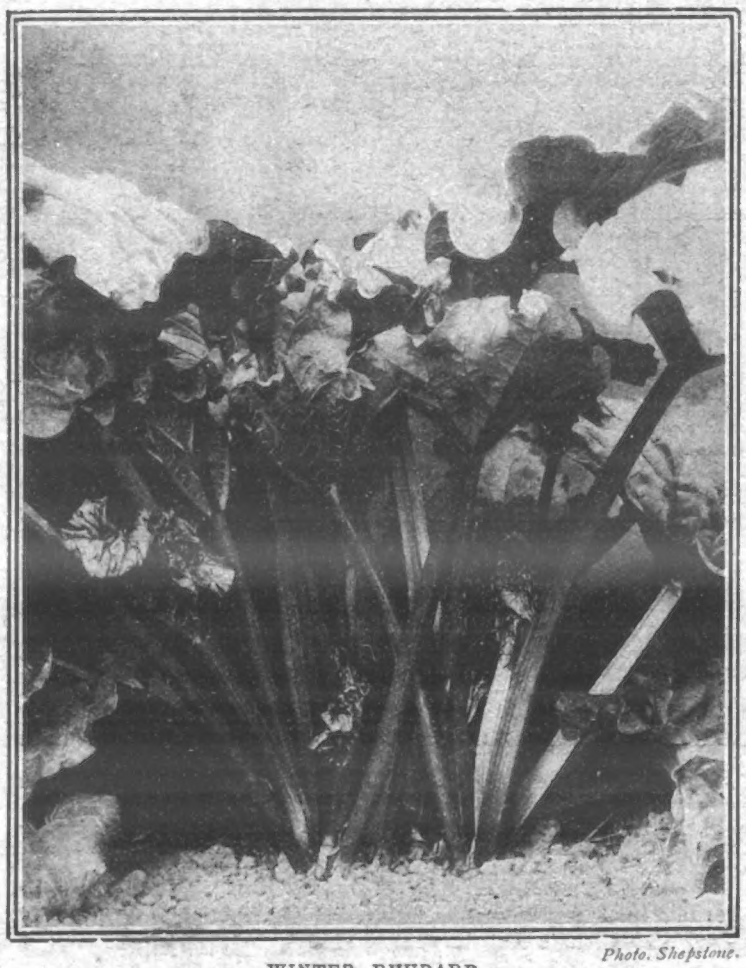


Photo. Shepstone.

WINTER RHUBARB.

All last winter there was growing in the royal gardens at Sandringham a new kind of rhubarb. It is said that the royal table was supplied with rhubarb freshly cut from the gardens during the month of December. This particular variety of rhubarb is known as Burbank's Crimson Winter Rhubarb, named after its producer, Mr. Luther Burbank, of California, who has earned fame as a creator of new fruits and flowers. It has been introduced to the notice of people in this country by Mr. Robert Holmes, of Tuckswood Farm, Norwich. The new rhubarb may be described as a perpetual bearer or producer of leaf stalks, with, perhaps, the exception of a short rest during drought in summer, starting into growth again with the advent of autumn rains, and continuing growth during winter and spring in the open ground, with only slight protection during severe weather.

After all, Chistmas is not so very far off now, and one ought to be seriously commencing to fatten-off table poultry for the great festival. Oatmeal and barley meal mixed with milk, or the broth in which meat has been boiled, are excellent foods, only some attention is needed in their preparation, and they must not be given in a cold, sloppy state. I am not one who believes in cramming, for the amateur fancier at all events, and the food should be given to the birds in troughs or bowls, and should certainly not be thrown to them on the ground. Meat, chopped, and house-scraps make fine fattening foods if not given to excess, and a certain amount of green food is essential. The birds selected for fattening should, of course, be penned up in close confinement, with practically no freedom of movement, and they should be kept scrupulously clean. Milk to drink, instead of water, gives excellent results, and fine sharps may well be mixed with the fattening food in small quantity. Birds are better fed twice daily at the commencement of the fattening process, but this may be increased to three meals daily later.

Fattening for Xmas.

MY BRIEF REPLIES.

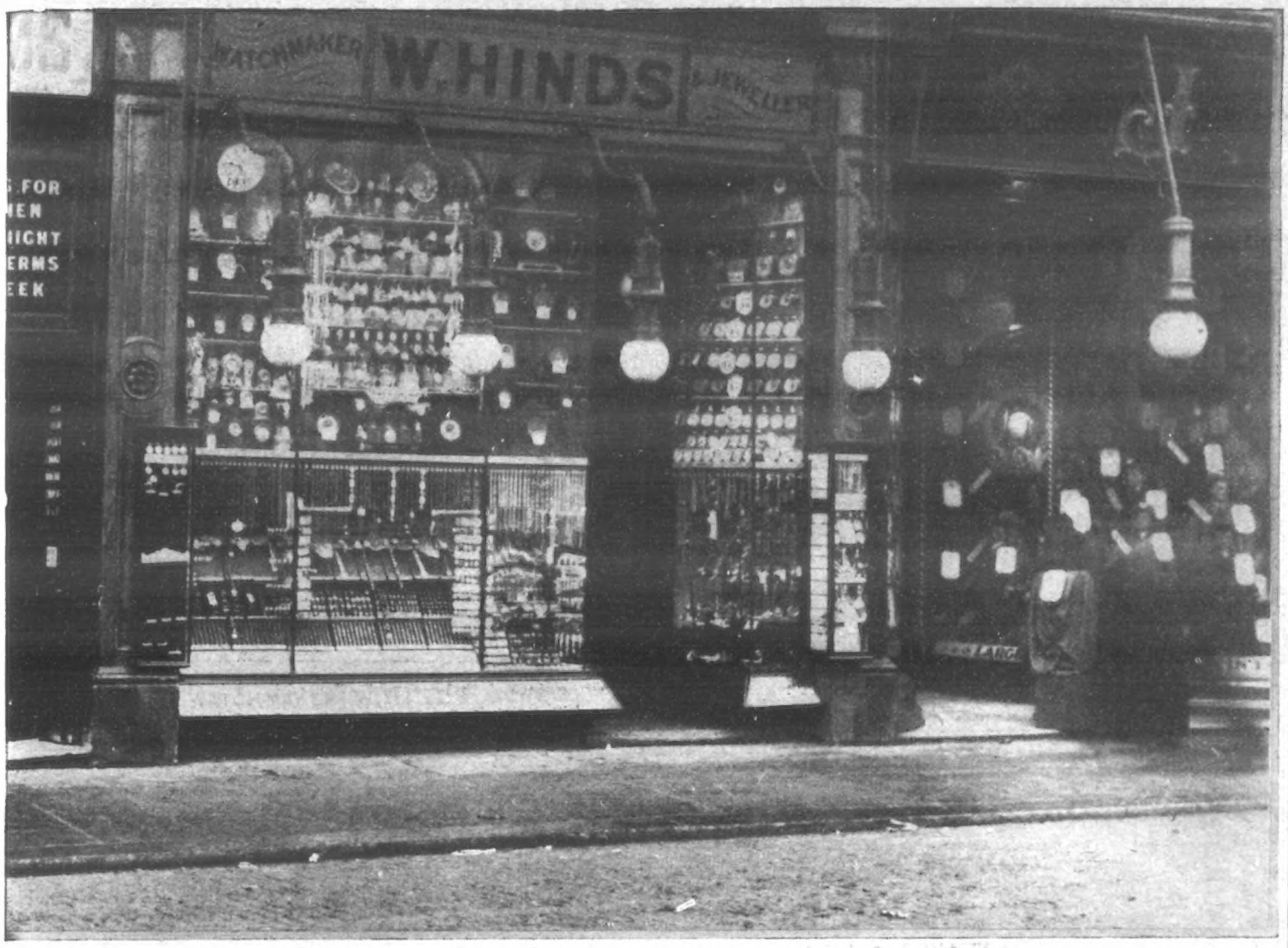
W. D.—It is better to use a knife when killing a fowl. Bleeding gives the flesh a whiteness that other methods of killing do not. Yes, an unpleasant but necessary subject.

Mrs. Sligo.—Tritomas (red-hot poker plants) are not very hardy. Cut yours down to within eight inches of the ground and cover with straw litter. Another plan would be to bunch all the leaves together, and tie tightly with bast. In your exposed position, however, I should say the former would be the better method.

I am always pleased to answer inquiries, and will do so through the post direct, when a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed for the purpose. Inquiries should be addressed to me personally at the *P.I.P.* Offices, 172, Strand, London, W.C.

A. Courland Marshall.

THE DISAPPEARING DIARY: STRANGE INCIDENT IN THE DRUCE-PORTLAND CASE.



The shop into the window of which Miss Robinson was looking when her bag, holding the invaluable diary, was snatched from her

MISS MARY ROBINSON, one of the principal witnesses to be called to give evidence in the charge of perjury against Mr. Herbert Druce, on Friday last announced that she had lost a diary, upon the importance of which plaintiff's counsel laid great stress.

Miss Robinson gave the following account of the theft—

"After leaving my house this morning I and Miss O'Neil went in a motor-'bus to Hammersmith. We got out near the Broadway, and walked along for some distance, looking at the shops. Miss O'Neil wanted to do some shopping, and I strolled on.

"I was looking into a window, when someone approached me on the left side. I looked up and saw that it was a man with a dark beard and green eyes – such eyes. I noticed that he was carrying a peculiar kind of bag.

"Instead of being like an ordinary brief-bag, it was as if it had been turned on end and the handle placed on the 'top.' While I was wondering what it could be, the man put up his hand and said, 'There 's a spider on your neck!'

"At once a thrill of horror and disgust went through me, and I forgot all about everything else. Unfortunately I did not even think of my 'Dorothy' bag, in which I was carrying my precious diary. I had slung it off my left arm. When I recovered my composure the man had gone.

"Suddenly I missed the 'Dorothy.' I looked on the ground; it was not there. In the distance I saw the man with the peculiar bag disappearing round a corner.

"In addition to the diary," said Miss Robinson, "a sum of £5 in gold, belonging to Miss O'Neil, was stolen."

Information was at once given to Scotland Yard, who have the case in hand. Our photograph shows the shop outside which the robbery was committed.

THE FINANCIAL PANIC IN AMERICA.

Top Photograph: The magnificent building of the Knickerbocker Trust, Wall Street, which suspended payment.
Small Photograph: The insignificant-looking Harlem Branch, with a crowd of anxious depositors outside the barred doors.

GIVEN AWAY.

ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE.

A Wonderful Book on Money-Making.

Within the last few weeks there has been an overwhelming demand for a remarkable book dealing with a subject of absorbing interest, a subject that interests both young and old, rich and poor alike. This little volume does not ascend into the realms of visions; on the contrary, it tears aside the curtain that so often obscures our understanding of things, and it deals with plain, cold facts. It enlightens the man who is interested and instructs and informs the man who is ignorant. It tells of new fields and pastures green, and points—without fear or favour—to where those fields and pastures lie.

This is not a book for the library shelf. It is a book to be read, and can be read by the young as well as the old. It will serve as a fund of information for the former and a source of inspiration to the latter. For every careful, thrifty man or woman it is one of the books that are essential. One's education is not complete without having read its thrilling and fascinating pages. The subject of money-making by modern methods is fully explained, and, considering the invaluable nature of the information imparted, it is done in such a masterly manner that your interest is at its highest pitch from beginning to end.

Nearly one hundred thousand copies of this publication have already been distributed, and those who have read it through have sent for copies for their friends.

This book, that no one can read without benefit, will, for a limited period only, be sent free to all inquirers.

There is, of course, no telling how soon it may be impossible to procure further copies, and it would therefore be unwise to miss such an opportunity.

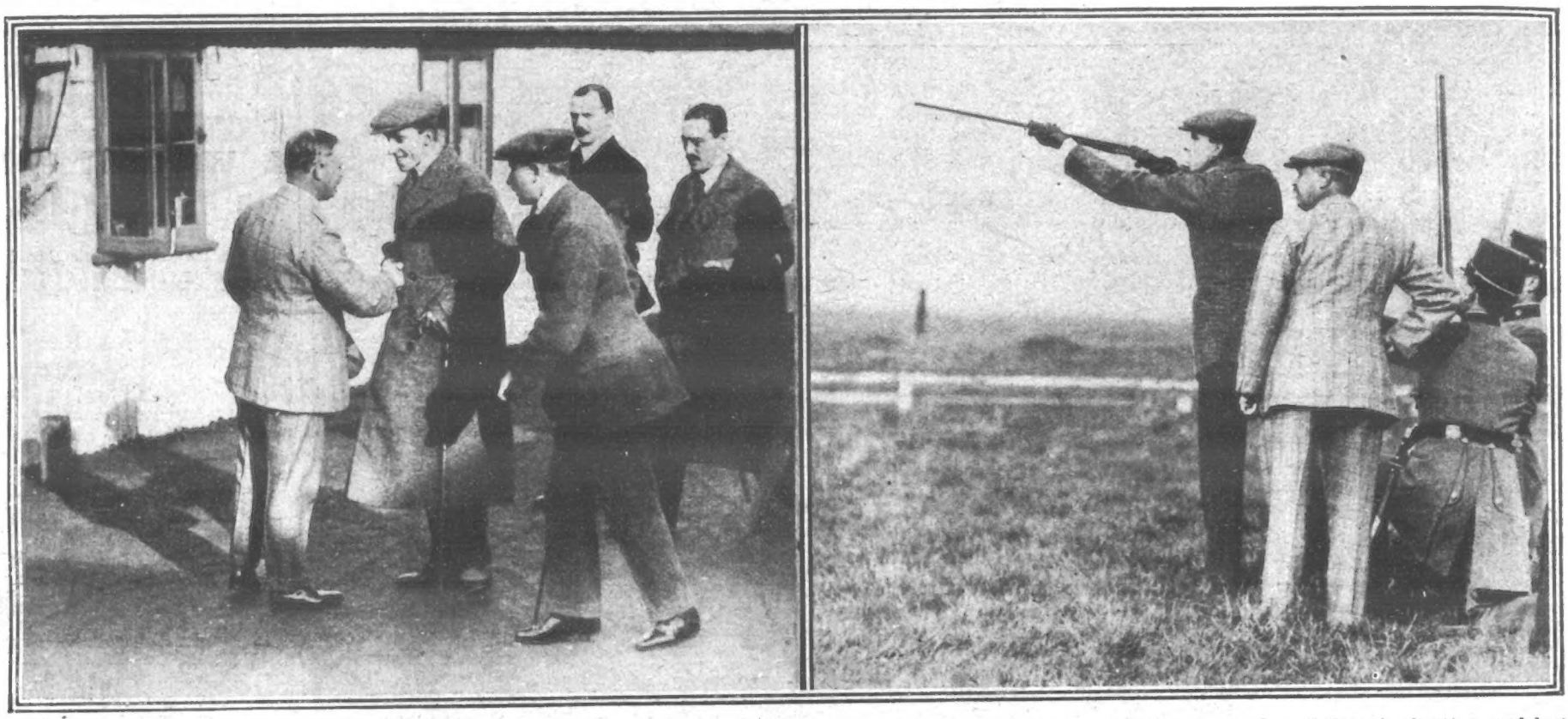
Write at once—to-day—and you will receive a copy by return post.

Simply send your full name and address (a postcard will do) to the publishers, Messrs. Arnold and Butler (Room 60 E), 124, Holborn, London, E.C.

The Book will be sent you absolutely free of all cost, and you may keep it without incurring any obligation of any kind.

NOTICE.—*In future, all Editorial Communications for the "P. I. P." must be addressed to 172, Strand, London, W.C.*

KING ALFONSO SHOOTING AT SPORTING PARK, CRICKLEWOOD.



The young King of Spain has always been noted for his sporting tendencies, and in many sports he is acknowledged to be expert. One of these is shooting, and last week he proved this on the occasion of his visit to Sporting Park, Cricklewood, where his bag of "clay" pigeons was one of the best made this year. Our first photograph shows Alfonso of the cheery smile arriving at the park, and in our second he is waiting for the "bird" to be released.

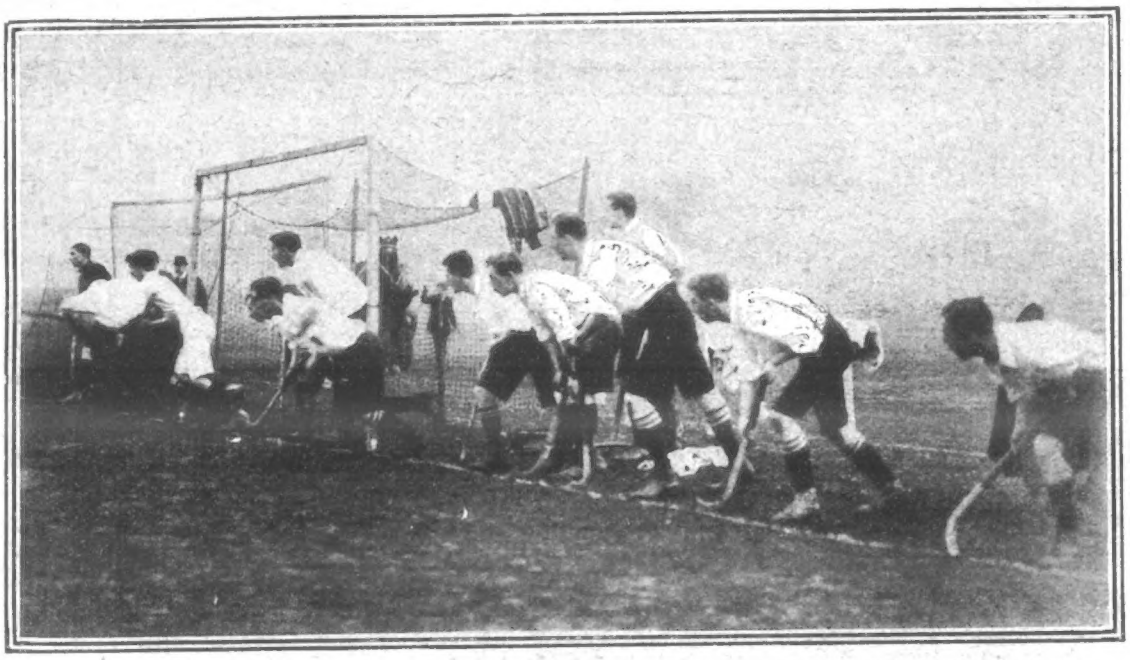
THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

FOOTBALL.

LAST Saturday was a big day in Association football, the chief feature in the first division of the League matches being the splendid win of Woolwich Arsenal over Sheffield United. Last season the Sheffielders won both matches, but the Arsenal were on their best behaviour on the present occasion, and they left the Manor field victorious by five goals to 1. It was a great win, though there was really nothing in the actual field play; but the form of the Arsenal in front of goal was much better than that of their opponents.

All the Arsenal forwards played well. Neave gave a dashing exhibition on the outside left. His goal was certainly the best of the five, and Satterthwaite made him an excellent partner. Of the half-backs, John Dick was seen to most advantage, though no fault could be found with Sands and McEachrane, while Gray and Sharp put in a lot of good work at back, both playing right up to the top of their form. Add to that, Ashcroft was at his best, and it will easily be seen how strong the Arsenal team was.

Chelsea do not seem to be making headway since their promotion, and last Saturday they suffered another reverse. They had to travel to Roker Park to play Sunderland, and the latter won by three goals to nil. Seven goals were scored in the match between Manchester United and Birmingham, on the latter's ground, the visiting club winning by the odd goal.



SURREY v. MIDDLESEX: A CORNER HIT AGAINST MIDDLESEX, WHO WON AFTER A GOOD MATCH.

Playing on their own ground, Bolton Wanderers beat Blackburn Rovers by three goals to one, and at Bristol the City had two goals the better of Liverpool. Everton, also playing on their own ground, defeated Notts Forest by one goal to nil, and the other club from the same town, Notts County, were beaten at Trent Bridge by three goals to nil. Of other matches, Preston North End beat Newcastle United by two goals to nil, Sheffield Wednesday were three goals to two the better of Middlesborough, and Manchester City drew with Bury, each side scoring twice.

In the Second Division, Fulham are coming along very fast. They now hold a position in the table which is to be envied. There is only one club with a better record, unless one takes the number of matches played into account. There are more unlikely things than Fulham finding their way into the First Division at the end of the present season. Clapton Orient are not doing too well, and are only sixth from the bottom.

In the Southern League, one of the best games was that between Millwall and Queen's Park Rangers, on the latter's ground at Park Royal. It was "anybody's game," and Millwall only won by the odd goal in five. Crystal Palace gave a good account of themselves in their match against Brighton and Hove, at Sydenham, winning by two goals to one. Tottenham Hotspur drew with Bradford Park Avenue, at White Hart Lane, neither side scoring.

Southampton got the better of Leyton by one goal to nil, and West Ham United made a sorry example of Brentford, at Boleyn Castle, the home team winning by four goals to one. Luton, playing on their own ground, were worsted by New Brompton, who were considered lucky to win by two goals to one. Plymouth Argyll had the better of Bristol Rovers by the margin of four goals to two; and Reading beat Northampton, on the latter's ground, by two goals to nil. Of

ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY v. OLD BLUES AT WOOLWICH.

The Royal Military Academy collar the ball from a line-out, but the Old Blues won by fourteen points to two.

the other Southern League matches, Norwich City beat Watford and Swindon drew with Portsmouth.

At the meeting of the F.A. on Monday it was decided not to entertain an application by the committee of the Sheriff of London Shield Competition to choose two teams for the annual match whether the selected clubs were members of the F.A. or not. Such a decision was only in accordance with the previous attitude of the parent body, but many people hoped that the sweet cause of charity would have induced the Association to give way for this match. Of course we know that the F.A. have done much for Charity, but to put a stop to the Shield match savours rather too much of the "firm hand."

There were some interesting matches under the Rugby code, three County Championship matches being decided. Cornwall and Somerset met on the ground of the former county, Cornwall winning by five placed goals to two penalty goals. In the Northern division Lancashire and Cheshire had a very hard match at Aigburth, the home club winning by two goals (one dropped) and two tries (15 points) to two goals (one dropped, and one from a mark—7 points).

The other county match was between Durham and Yorkshire. Durham played a very good game, and they won by three goals and two tries (21 points) to three goals (one penalty) and one try (16 points).

BILLIARDS.

After being left a long way behind in his heat with Aiken, in the big tournament at Soho Square, Diggle gave a grand exhibition on the final day and snatched a victory of 196 points. Dawson won his match with Osborne at Thurston's, the margin in favour of the ex-champion being no less than 2926, while Lovejoy defeated Harverson at Brompton Road by 315.

GOLF.

King Alfonso has shown remarkable versatility in sport, and he delighted visitors to the Ranelagh Club last Saturday by showing excellent form in a round on the golf course. He is a left-handed player, with fine driving and putting powers. He expressed his intention of having another round on the links when possible.

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

The Polytechnic Harriers and the Herne Hill Harriers held an inter-club walking handicap from the headquarters of the latter club, at Chislehurst, last Saturday. No less than forty-eight members of the visiting club put in an appearance, seventeen competing in the walking handicap, and the remainder taking part in a training run.

In all, fifty entries were received for the walk, and thirty-six of them faced the starter. In the absence of E. J. Webb, who has the distinction of holding the championship of New Zealand, A. E. Rowland was on the post of honour, his start being one minute. The winner was W. G. Hotchkiss, of the Polytechnic Harriers, whose start was 8 min. 30 sec. W. W. Hawkes, of the same club, was second, and R. B. Vailliant, of the home club, was third.

The Southend Harriers' 3½-miles handicap attracted twenty-four entries and nineteen starters. R. H. Chalk, with a start of 1 min. 25 sec., was first man home, W. J. Thorogood was second, and E. S. Chalk third.

The Thames Valley Harriers and the Kent A.C. had an inter-club race at Barnes, when the men of Kent beat their rivals over six miles of country by 36 points to 42. G. W. Fowles, of the home club, being first man home. W. J. Bollom was second, and A. Garton third. The three and a half miles' road handicap of the Highgate Harriers for the "Chapman" Cup, J. V. Beedle won, his start being 1 min. 40 sec., and the winner won by quite forty yards, in 18 min. 19 sec.

The Brighton and County Harriers decided a three-miles handicap at headquarters. For this there were seventeen starters. The winner turned up in L. T. H. D. Smith, who, with a start of 45 sec., covered the course in 15 min. 50 sec. The clerical staff of the Post Office Savings Bank decided their annual walk from Merton to Ewell and back, and G. H. C. Manning made the fastest time ever accomplished over the course. He beat record, but failed to win the race, despite the fact that he covered the ten miles in 88 min. 16 sec. The race fell to A. Hollingshead, who had a start of 12 min.

FOOTBALL OF THE WEEK.

WOOLWICH ARSENAL v. SHEFFIELD UNITED.

Arsenal get the ball from a throw-in, and win by five goals to one.

FULHAM v. LEEDS CITY.

An attack. Fulham won a good game by two goals to nil.

MILLWALL v. QUEEN'S PARK RANGERS.

Millwall make a fine run. They eventually won by the odd goal in five.

TOTTENHAM v. BRADFORD PARK.

Baddeley, of Bradford, saves a hot shot. The game ended in a goalless draw.

WHY SUFFER FROM SKIN ILLNESS?

Skin troubles are disfiguring, irritating, and annoying, if not positively painful. Consequently, everyone dreads skin affections, and no effort is too great to restore the skin to perfect health and comfort. When, however, it is realised that the "Antexema" treatment is successful in every type of skin complaint, and that it is equally easy, simple, and safe, the question arises: "Why suffer from skin illness?"

YOU CAN BE CURED

if you will, and we are so convinced of this that at the foot of this page we offer you a FREE TRIAL, of "Antexema," and of "Antexema Granules," which are so valuable in all skin troubles due to impurity of the blood.

Under the one term "skin troubles" are included not only severe, but also slight, everyday complaints. Anything that affects

Rashes on any part of the body are instantly relieved and quickly removed by "Antexema."

the health of the scarf skin or detracts from its appearance is a form of skin illness. Chapped hands and chilblains are forms of skin illness, and red, rough, or scurfy skin, cracked lips, burns, cuts, scalds, boils, pimples, and blackheads are all varieties of skin affection, and they are all enemies of good looks and comfort. Then, again, there are the skin troubles of children, and also facial blemishes, nettlerash, ringworm, leg wounds, and scores of other such unpleasant complaints. But most frequent of all are the

VARIOUS FORMS OF ECZEMA,

comprising eczema of the face, hands, legs, back, arms, and chest, which in many cases inflicts torture on the sufferers. It is impossible to realise the misery and humiliation people endure as the result of eczema. Imagine, for instance, sufferers being

UNABLE TO SLEEP PROPERLY

for months owing to intolerable irritation, and you can then realise the delight of those who have got rid of the eczema and are able to attend to their daily business in comfort, and to enjoy restful sleep at night. Recollect also that these miracles of healing are being wrought by "Antexema" every day, and that people who were utterly sceptical of the power of anything on earth to cure them have been convinced by the sure logic of facts that this apparent impossibility can be accomplished by "Antexema." However badly you may be suffering, do not despair, but give "Antexema" a trial.

"Antexema" is an unrivalled cure for eczema, psoriasis, and nettlerash; but it is just as useful for chafed or irritated skin, red, rough hands, chaps, and acne. It is not a greasy ointment, but forms an invisible healing, soothing, protective coating over the tender surface, and a new skin is thus able to grow beneath it.

WHY NOT TRY "ANTEXEMA"?

Have you any form of skin illness? If so, have you tried "Antexema"? It is absurd to go on suffering when you can be cured, and, it is surely worth while to try "Antexema." To do this you can either fill up the coupon at foot or write us, mentioning *The Penny Illustrated Paper*, and enclose three penny stamps for our family handbook, "Skin Troubles," and a generous Free Trial of "Antexema" and "Antexema Granules," the wonderful blood purifier. Send to the Antexema Company, 83, Castle Road, London, N.W. "Antexema" is supplied by all Chemists at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d., or direct, post free, for 1s. 3d. and 2s. 9d. "Antexema" can be obtained of Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, South Africa, India, and all British Dominions.

ANTEXEMA
Quickly Relieves and Rapidly Cures

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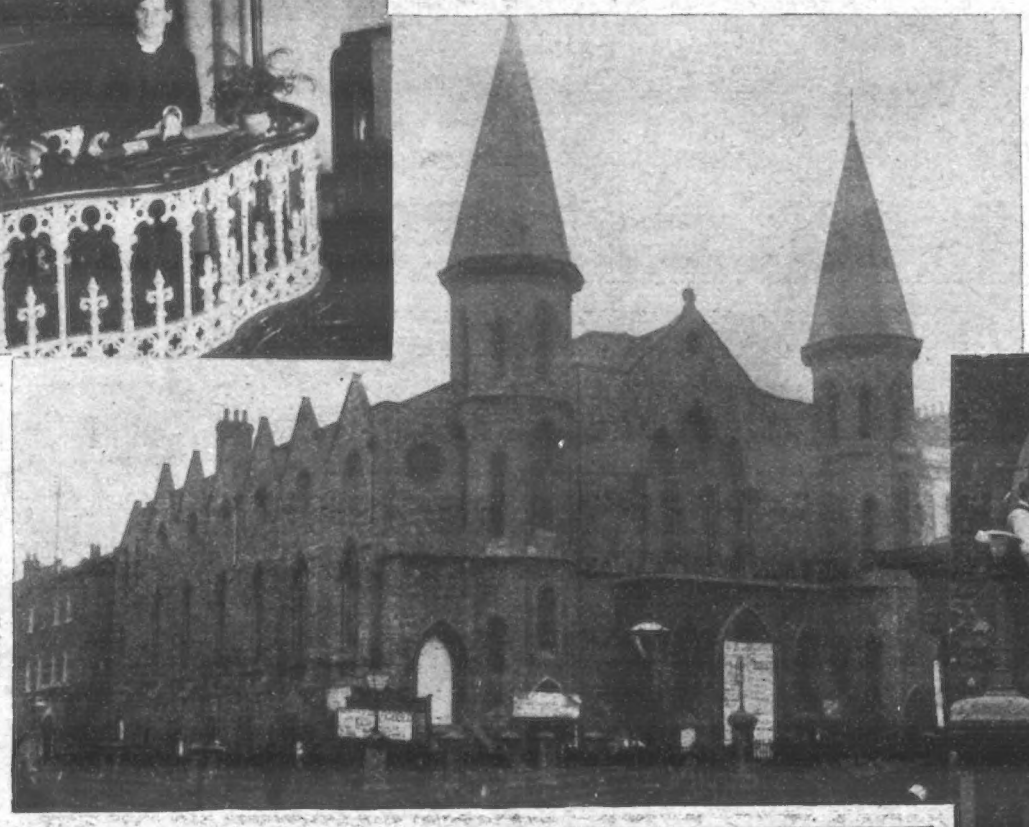
P.I.P., 9/11/07.

BROKERS IN POSSESSION OF A CHURCH.



A VERY unusual state of affairs has existed for some time at the West London Central (Baptist) Church, Westbourne Grove, owing to the action of the Paddington Borough Council in placing bailiffs in possession because of the non-payment of rates.

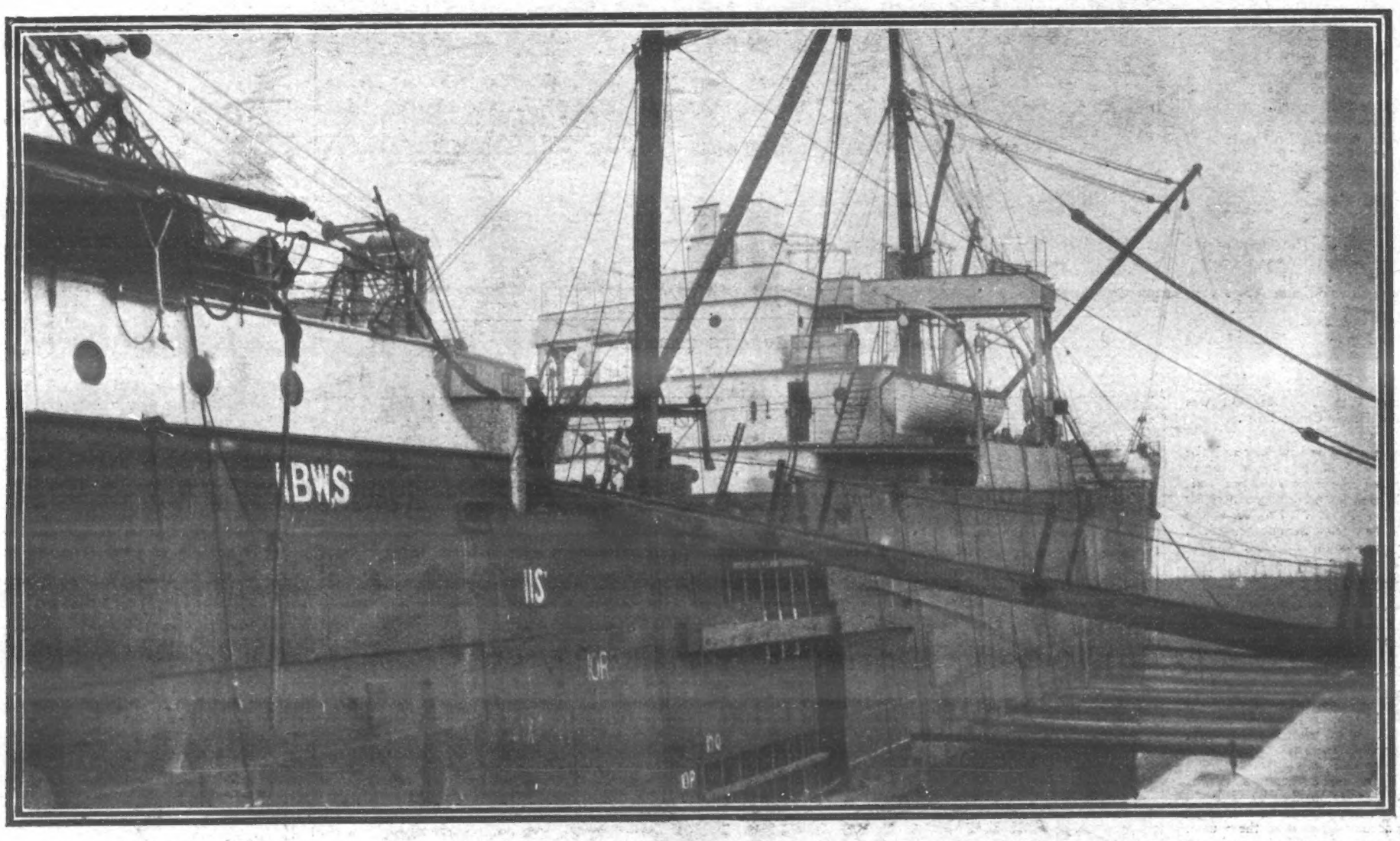
This action of the Council is bitterly resented by the pastor, the Rev. W. J Potter, and the members of the congregation.

The Council has assessed the building at £200 a year gross, so that the church is liable to pay between £70 and £75 a year. The instalment for the non-payment of which the bailiffs have been put in amounts to £16. As there is no sleeping accommodation the "men in possession" do not remain at night. The other Sunday the bailiff who was taking duty attended the morning service. He stayed through the first part, but left before the sermon.

The bailiffs have marked for sale the whole of the contents of the pastor's vestry, including an oil-painting of the Rev. William Garrett Lewis, the first pastor, which is a church heirloom, and the billiard and bagatelle tables in the institute which forms part of the church buildings.

Our photos show the Rev. W. J. Potter in the pulpit, a view of the chapel, and the extraordinary notice posted up on the main door of the chapel.

WEDDING THE TWO PARTS OF THE "SUEVIC."



One of the most remarkable feats ever attempted in shipbuilding is now being accomplished in Southampton Docks, where a new bow is being added to the White Star liner, "Suevic," which was wrecked off the Lizard last March. Part of the vessel was saved, and a new bow was built at Belfast and towed to Southampton Docks. The above photograph shows how the two parts of the vessel are being joined.

MASKED BURGLARS IN AN EPSOM MANSION.

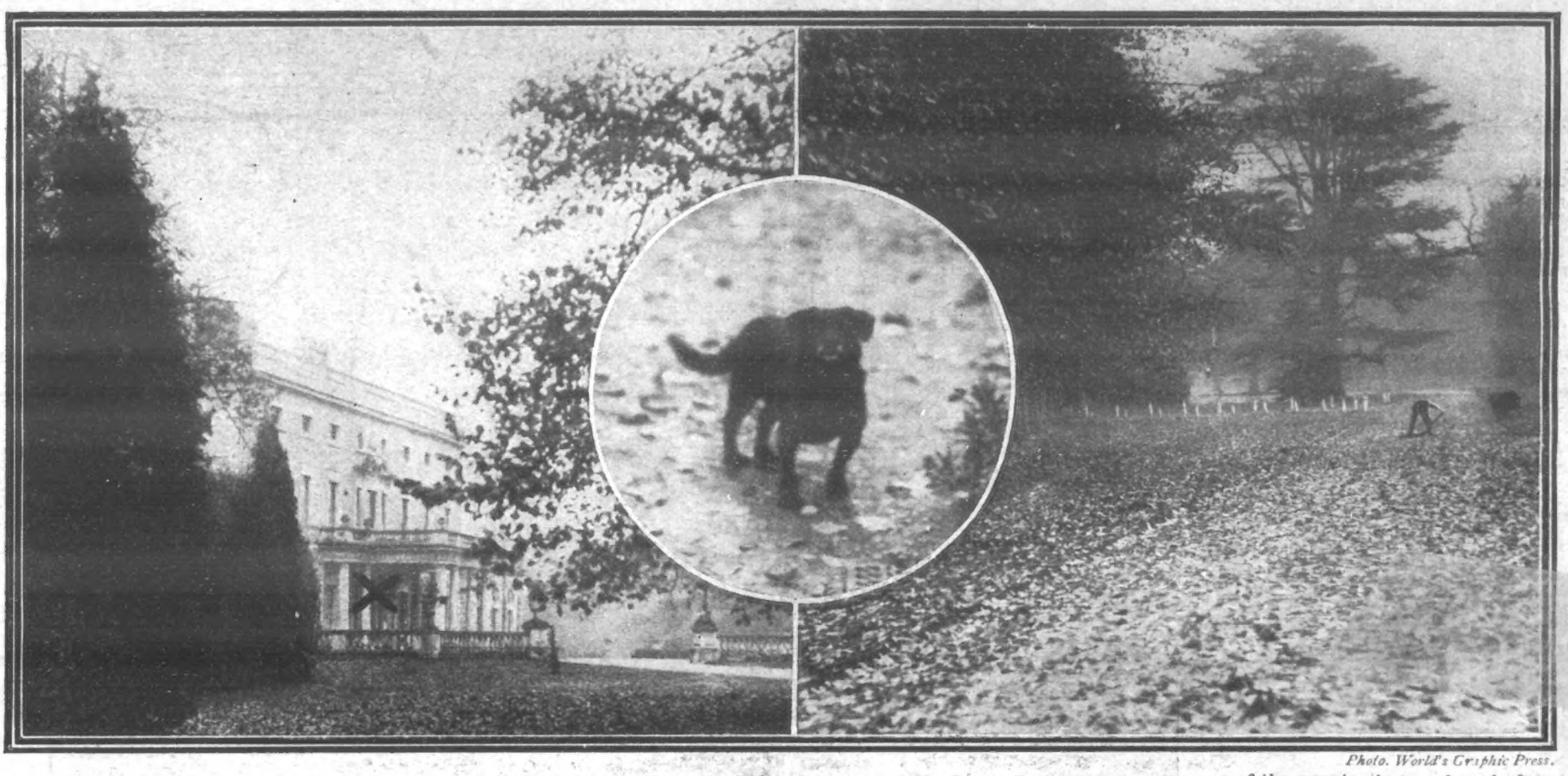


Photo. World's Graphic Press.

Four burglars, of whom one at least wore a black mask, entered Ashtead Park, the Epsom Residence of Mr. Pantia Ralli, in the small hours of the morning last week, and after an exciting encounter with a night-watchman succeeded in making off with property to the value of £200. Our photos. are of the mansion, the windows through which the burglars forced an entry, marked with a cross, and the avenue down which they made their headlong escape. Inset is the watchman's dog, that raised the first alarm.

NOT THE "P.I.P."

MR. DUGALD ROSS, whose mysterious "disappearance" supplied the London papers with columns of copy not so very long ago, has been giving his own version of the affair to a Toronto interviewer (writes the Central News Ottawa correspondent).

Mr. Ross treated the whole incident as a huge joke when questioned about it.

One of the London newspapers, he said, offered him £10 a day to remain out of the way. He was told that he could go to Paris, or anywhere else he liked, as long as he kept the paper informed of his movements, so that it might discover "clues" and otherwise entertain its readers with the latest news regarding him.

PUMA AT LARGE.

EXCITING HUNT IN PHŒNIX PARK

THERE was an exciting scene in the Phœnix Park, Dublin, on Monday, when a puma, an animal of the tiger tribe, escaped from the Zoological Gardens.

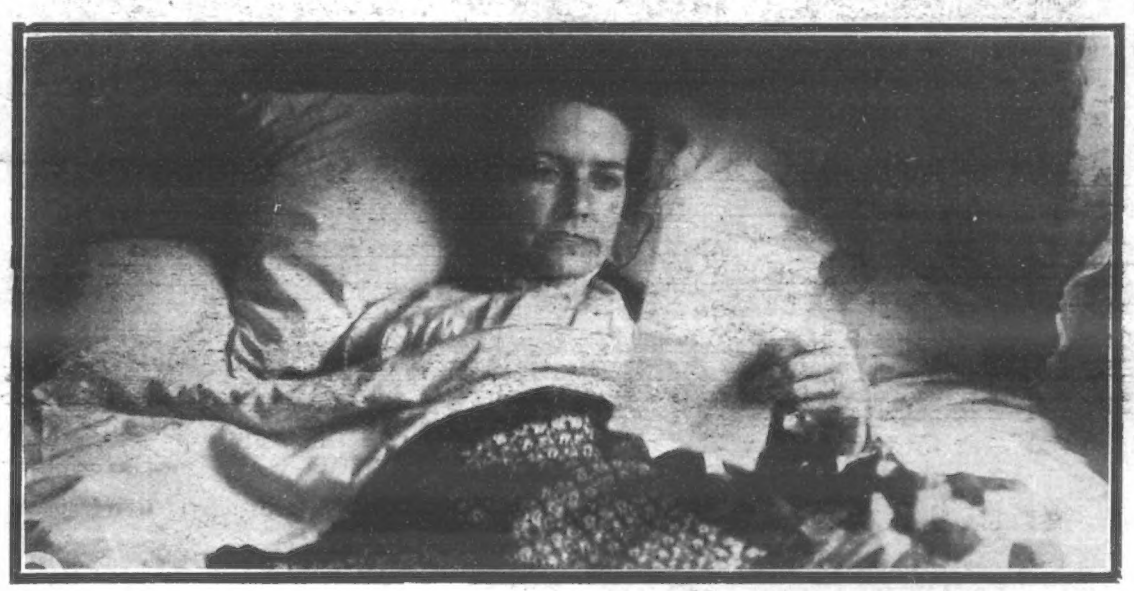
While the keepers were in the act of transferring the animal from one cage to another it made a successful dash for liberty.

It escaped into the park, where its progress was stopped by the advance of a troop of 11th Hussars, who had just left the Marlborough Barracks.

Startled at the sight of the soldiers, the animal wheeled round, and dashed off in an opposite direction. Here it was met by a number of attendants, who had been joined by a band of volunteers in the hunt. The animal, which was by this time becoming enraged, resented every effort to capture it, showing its teeth savagely.

Eventually one of the attendants, John Kelly, courageously seized it firmly by the throat, but not, however, before he was badly bitten in several places in the right hand. One of his comrades, James Kenny, who came to his assistance, was also bitten on the forearm.

The animal was at length safely lodged in its cage, and the keepers were removed to Steevens' Hospital.



THE QUEEN AND A ONE-ARMED WORKER.

Miss Annie Shrubb, an Epsom young woman who, although bedridden, and having only one arm, is regularly engaged in clever fancy work, has received a letter from Miss Knollys stating that the Queen had purchased a "beautifully dressed doll" that had been sent to her. Miss Shrubb has not been able to leave bed, or even to sit up, for nearly four years, and she does all her work with her left hand.

Readers when writing Advertisers should mention "P. I. P."

THE DEVASTATING EARTHQUAKES IN ITALY.

Homeless peasants searching among the ruins of their wrecked houses to recover any valuables that have escaped destruction.

The army has done much noble work in aiding the sufferers. Our photo. is of a very curious temporary military telegraph station.

HUMOUR OF THE WEEK.

Considerate.

The *Nancy Lee* had just arrived in port, when a somewhat youthful-looking Customs officer stepped aboard. He did not know that a brother official had been there a few minutes before, and had made a fairly good haul.

"Anything to declare?" he asked the bearded skipper.

The old salt stared at his visitor for a moment before replying. Then he laid his hand in a fatherly sort of way on the young man's shoulder, and said—

"Yes, my lad, I've a good deal to declare, but I'd be ashamed o' myself to say it afore a boy! You ain't old enough to hear just all I'd like to declare!"—*Penny Magazine.*

Correct.

"That horse you sold me runs away, kicks, bites, strikes, and tries to tear down the stable at night. You told me that if I got him I shouldn't part with him for two hundred pounds."

"Well, you won't!" was the laconic rejoinder.—*Tit-Bits.*

Couldn't Get Better.

On the local market ground a lusty-lunged auctioneer was holding forth in flowery terms on the virtues of a particular brand of cigars he was endeavouring to induce his audience to purchase. Holding up a box of cigars, he shouted—

"You can't get better, gentlemen. I don't care where you go; you can't get better."

"No," came a cynical voice from a man in the crowd, "you can't. I smoked one last week, and I'm not better yet."—*Pearson's Weekly.*

According to Orders.

The boarders were alarmed one night by what sounded like a man running at a tremendous pace in one of the upper rooms. However, as it came from the second floor front room of the new boarder, nothing was said.

The next night the same running noise was heard, still it was thought best to say nothing. But the third night the noise differed; the boarders huddled together as the chandeliers shook, as the man above apparently came down at intervals with a thump, thump, that fairly shook the house. So two men were delegated to see what was the matter.

"What in the world is the matter up here?" asked one of the men, as the door was opened by the new boarder, all out of breath.

"Why," came the answer between gasps, "I'm taking my medicine."

"Medicine?" echoed the men.

"Yes," said the man as he dropped into a chair. "It's rougher on me than it is on you, but the doctor said I should take it two nights running, and then skip the third night."—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

Sawing a Board.

A gentleman strolling in a district where several roads were being repaired, and where a serious epidemic was prevalent, found his progress stopped by a barricade of wood.

"What's this for?" he asked a bystander.

"Oh, that's to stop the fever from spreading," was the jocular reply.

"Well," remarked the pedestrian, "I've often heard of the Board of Health, but I never saw it before."—*Tit-Bits.*

Carried Further.

Johnny was a dull sort of lad, and his father could make nothing of him, so he determined to send him away to his uncle in the country, who, he thought, would be sure to sharpen him up a bit.

Johnny arrived in due course, and was shown all over the farm by his uncle, who lost no time in impressing on his mind the necessity of wearing old things out first before commencing on anything new.

Johnny seemed to take it all in very quietly, and the next morning the following conversation took place—

"Now, Johnny," said his uncle, "when you have finished your breakfast I want you to go down to the meadow and bring one of the two horses I showed you yesterday."

"Yes, uncle," said Johnny, "which am I to bring—the old 'un or the young 'un?"

"Now, Johnny," said the uncle, with a twinkle in his eye, "what did I tell you yesterday? How soon you forget! Why, bring the old one, of course. Always wear the old ones out first."

"Oh, well, if that's it," said Johnny, "hadn't you better go and fetch him?"—*Chums.*

While the "Son" Shone.

A humourist was having his boots blacked. "And is your father a bootblack too?" he asked the boy.

"No, Sir," replied the bootblack; "my father is a farmer."

"Ah," said the humourist, "he believes in making hay while the son shines."—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Just His Luck.

An amusing story is told about a prisoner who was charged with felony the other day at Bow Street Police-court.

On his way to the police-station he became quite confidential with his captor, and remarked—

"There is one thing I am sorry for."

"What is that?" said his captor, expecting to hear a confession.

"I had my hair cut last night," said the prisoner, in a dejected tone "I might have saved that threepence. It's just my luck."—*Penny Magazine.*

Canned.

A man who was running a lunch-room out in a Western town used only canned goods.

The Indians from a near-by reservation had seen him take from cans so many different things that seemed to them should be growing in the open air that they began to wonder what he would bring them next.

One day he got a gramophone, and he started it up playing. A crowd soon collected round, among it being several Indians.

Someone went up to a group of Indians and asked what they thought of it. The reply was a shrug of the shoulders and the expressive "Ugh!"

Finally, he went up to one young brave and asked his opinion. The Indian thought a while, and then said calmly—

"Ugh! Canned white man."—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

Not Particular.

Boy: "Please will you give me some trouser patterns for father to see?"

Shop Assistant: "Certainly; what kind does your father prefer?"

Boy: "Oh, father is not particular as to the patterns, so long as they are strong enough to hold up our creeper."—*Chums.*

POSITIONS THAT ARE POSERS.

If you had half a minute to make your connection with the express, and your bag burst open and scattered its contents, what would you do? Would you gather up your luggage, miss the train and have to wait nine hours for the next, or would you leave your belongings to the mercy of whosoever might find them?

"P.I.P." PLAYGOER.

By THE PROMPTER.

RUMOUR has it that Miss Marie Dressler, who is now appearing at the Palace Theatre, is in receipt of the comfortable salary of £500 per week. Whether, however, this really is so I will not dare to express an opinion; but I can say, with the honest conviction that I am right, that Miss Dressler provides the best turn London has seen for a very long time past. The popular vaudeville artist has the gift of comedy to her finger-tips, and her inflection of voice and facial gesture are simply wonderful. Indeed, that astute gentleman, Mr. Alfred Butt, has—and not for the first time, either—secured a turn which should fill the house under his management for a long time to come. Of all her songs, I confess her rendering of "Adam," a pathetic little coon-ditty, appealed to me most strongly; but Miss Dressler's recitation of "The Glove" is also excellent, while "A Great Big Girl Like Me" and "Hard to be a Lady" exhibit her genius for comic illustration.

***

A good story which, I believe, this talented lady tells against herself was related to me at the Palace a few evenings ago. "On a certain occasion, just after Miss Dressler was fifteen years old, a friend of hers was expounding on the obvious advantages of an actress possessing a pretty face. 'You see,' she added, 'on the stage many girls are engaged for their faces only—in fact, if you have a pretty face you needn't trouble to work for your living these days—others work for you.' Miss Dressler quietly walked to the nearest looking-glass, and on catching sight of the reflection of her features therein, said tersely, 'Well, Marie, I guess you'll have to go to work.'" Rather nice, eh?

***

Fregolina, the twelve-year-old young girl now appearing at the Empire, is an extraordinarily versatile young person. Her quick changes, after the style made popular by Fregoli in London some years ago are, indeed, made so rapidly as to, at first, cause the suggestion to occur to one that several young ladies of like stature must be employed to perform them. Such, however, I may tell you, is not the case at all. Fregolina employs no accomplices, and her caricatures of a Florentine country girl, an Italian comedian, an Italian priest, a French comédienne, a musical clown, and the leading composers of the day are extremely clever studies. Altogether an excellent turn this. In fact, Fregolina should prove an "ace of trumps" to the Empire as long as she remains on the bill.

***

By the way, what a terrible bore Diabolo is becoming! Not only does everybody one knows play it, but, apparently, the whole of the theatrical and musical profession are being photographed "in the act"; until the very sight of the diabolo picture makes one feel faint and call for smelling-salts. I am afraid that a great many of the ladies who have been photographed "with the sticks" do not really know how to use them at all; but this is not always the case, as I discovered last Sunday, when I happened to be lunching with Madame Ada Crossley. I found both the popular contralto and her husband — Dr. Muecke—practising for the championship in the garden of their pretty house in St. John's Wood, able assistance being rendered by a playful fox-terrier puppy, who continually entangled himself with the candidates for "diabolo fame." Madame Ada Crossley, who made such a big success later in the afternoon at the Albert Hall, told me that, joking apart, she thought diabolo an excellent recreation, since it afforded amusement and exercise in sufficiently moderated forms not to hurt the voice; but, for my part, I think it is the most inane kind of performance ever invented, and heartily wish it may go—where it came from; a wish which is probably shared by many more who, like myself, cannot, after hours of effort, "get any forrarder."

***

It is now, I hear, finally settled that Mr. Robert Arthur will produce "Aladdin" at the Adelphi at Christmas, when "Mrs. Wiggs" will, of course, have to be transferred to another theatre. Thus, we shall have three pantomimes in the West End of London—Drury Lane, the Lyceum, and the Adelphi.

***

Mr. Cordova and Miss Alicia Ramsey have called the new three-act play they have just written "Bridge."

***

Our one and only Marie Lloyd is, I learn, scoring all along the line in America, which is good news, as, curiously enough, English music-hall artists by no means always "catch on" with audiences across the water. I see, in an interview, Miss Lloyd declares that she thinks English composers write better words than American, but that American composers, as a rule, manufacture more tuneful music. To a certain extent, no doubt, this is true; but, all the same, I know one or two English composers who, year in, year out, certainly turn out consistently better work than do any of the leading American "tune manufacturers."

***

The latest recruit for America is Mr. Dennis O'Sullivan, who is shortly starting to "star" in the States with Messrs Brooks and Dingwall's production of "Peggy Machree." Before he leaves, however, Mr. O'Sullivan is to be fortified for the journey by being entertained at dinner by the United Irish League.

***

That most spontaneous of mirth-makers, Mr. George Robey, who, as all the world knows, is a football player of more than ordinary merit, was telling me the other day, when I met him in the Strand, an amusing story anent the extraordinary qualities which football enthusiasts attribute to their favourite players. "Just before the 'play began in the Cup-tie last year," Mr. Robey remarked to me, "a supporter of one of the teams said to me, 'Well, lad, we shall take t'coop up North this year, for our boys have been training neet an' day.' I ventured to suggest that even a crack football-player probably required a little sleep occasionally. 'Stuff and nonsense,' replied the enthusiast. 'Sleep! Who wants to bother wi' sleep when they're trainin' for t'coop?' After that rebuke I relapsed into silence—it's no use arguing with a man who defies the ordinary laws of nature."

***

"The Hoyden," the new musical comedy by Mr. Paul Rubens and Mr. Frank Tours, is, I am told, a tale of Normandy, in which picturesque country a couple of the scenes are laid. The second act will introduce us to Dieppe in the height of the season.

***

Mlle. Adeline Genée who, needless to say, has scored an immense success in the new Empire ballet, tells me that she considers long skirts in dancing are much to be condemned from an artistic point of view. "In skirt dancing," the famous premier danseuse remarked a few nights ago, "the true art of dancing must always be, to a certain extent, concealed, for it is impossible to pirouette or turn quickly, while difficult steps and movements which have taken years to acquire can never be thoroughly appreciated unless they can be seen. No; long skirts may be graceful, and for an indifferent dancer they may be helpful, in that 'they cover a multitude of sins'; but for dancing in the highest sense of the word give me the ballet-skirt. I should not complain if it were my lot in life never to dance in a long skirt again

***

The programme of the first of the Queen's Hall Orchestra's Symphony Concerts on Saturday afternoon was a strong one. The soloist at the concert was Miss Julia Culp, whose striking success during the last summer season will be fresh in the memory of concert-goers.

DRURY LANE'S NEW COMEDIAN.

Mr. Wilkie Bard, who is playing at the Prince of Wales's Theatre in pantomime this Christmas, and who goes to Drury Lane next year as principal comedian for a number of years.

Photo. Illus. Bureau.

"THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

By a strange coincidence Mr. Matheson Lang, who played the part of the Christian at the Lyceum Theatre, is now playing the Devil's Disciple at the theatre on the other side of the Strand. Our photograph shows the execution scene.

BABY-STEALING MYSTERY.
Mrs. Gibbons and her baby.

executed for the murder of Unity Annie Butler, aged thirteen, at Clewer, in July.

Almost at the same time, by a tragic coincidence, Austin's father died at his home, some fifteen miles away, at Wooburn, near Bourne End.

Austin lodged with the girl's parents, one of whom was a relative. One day Unity was missed, and her dead body was later found under a mattress in Austin's bedroom.

Austin walked firmly to the scaffold. Pierpont was the executioner, and death is said to have been instantaneous.

BABY STEALING MYSTERY.

A BABY which was stolen from its mother, the wife of an auxiliary postman living at Cricklewood, last week, was restored to her on Saturday under extraordinary circumstances.

The mother's name is Mrs. Gibbons. On Wednesday, Oct. 23, she took her baby to Marylebone Church to be christened. In the motor-omnibus in which she travelled from Cricklewood was a young woman, well-dressed, auburn-haired, and nice-looking, who entered into conversation with the young mother, and made a great fuss of the baby.

The stranger obtained Mrs. Gibbons' address, and expressed a desire to pay her a visit. Mrs. Gibbons had almost forgotten the incident when, last Tuesday, the prepossessing chance acquaintance called at the young mother's home at Larch Road, Cricklewood, bringing with her eggs and sweets for the children, and took the baby out

Hours passed, however, and the stranger did not return.

The sequel was equally remarkable. On Friday last a little girl in Kilburn was asked by a man and a woman to hold a baby for a few minutes. The little girl was so surprised that she took the infant in her arms. A minuter later the strange couple had disappeared.

The little girl appealed to a policeman, and the baby was taken care of by the matron of the Kilburn Infirmary, and eventually was restored to Mrs. Gibbons in a pitiable condition on Saturday. It was her baby.

AN ILL-FATED CREW.

The first photograph received of the crew of the "Frithjof" the ship attached to the Welman Polar Expedition, which was wrecked, and all the crew with the exception of one, drowned.

OPEN-AIR PULPIT AT BRIXTON.

A special service was held on Sunday to dedicate London's newest open-air pulpit at Christ Church, Brixton, which has been erected by the vicar, the Rev. W. R. Mowll, who built the church sixteen years ago. The structure is of Portland stone, with an oak sounding-board, and a copper dome.

WHEELBARROW TRAGEDY.

A WOMAN WHO SCREAMED IN VAIN.

A VILLAGE constable described some incidents connected with the midnight tragedy in a lane near Colchester on Saturday, when Charles Garnham, a middle-aged ploughman, was accused before the Colchester magistrates on Monday of murdering his wife.

The Garnhams had been drinking during Saturday evening, and at eleven o'clock entered the lonely Cook's Lane on the way to their cottage.

The village policeman said that while on his beat he heard screams shortly after, but concluded that the sounds were the hooting of owls.

Garnham came and told him next morning that his wife was dead. The constable found her with her bodice pulled up under the armpits, suggesting that she had been dragged up the stairs dead. Her skull was fractured.

The constable added that there were suspicious wheelbarrow marks leading from the lane to the cottage door. Bloodstains were found in the lane 200 yards from the cottage, as well as signs of a struggle.

Garnham made a statement that he went to bed first, and fell asleep before his wife came. He said he discovered her next morning dead by his side.

He protested that he was as "innocent as a babe," had never quarrelled with his wife, and only hit her in play. He was remanded pending the inquest.

CRIME SEEN IN A DREAM.

A REMARKABLE case of mental telepathy is reported from Pizzo, in Calabria.

A man, named Braccala, dreamed that he saw his son being attacked by two men armed with knives. He woke in a state of great agitation, and aroused his wife to tell her what he had seen.

The woman endeavoured to calm him, but while they were still discussing the matter they heard a knock at the front door. Madame Braccala opened the door just in time to catch her son in her arms as he fell swooning to the ground. He had been stabbed in ten places, and died very shortly afterwards.

MURDERER AND FATHER DIE AT THE SAME HOUR.

AT Reading on Tuesday William George Thomas Charles Austin, aged thirty-one, of Clewer, Windsor, was

GREAT FEAT IN MARINE SURGERY.

JOINING THE PARTS OF THE "SUEVIC."

ONE of the most remarkable feats ever accomplished in marine engineering was carried out successfully on Monday last, at Southampton, when the new bow of the White Star liner *Suevic* was floated into dry dock, and placed exactly in position to be joined to the after part.

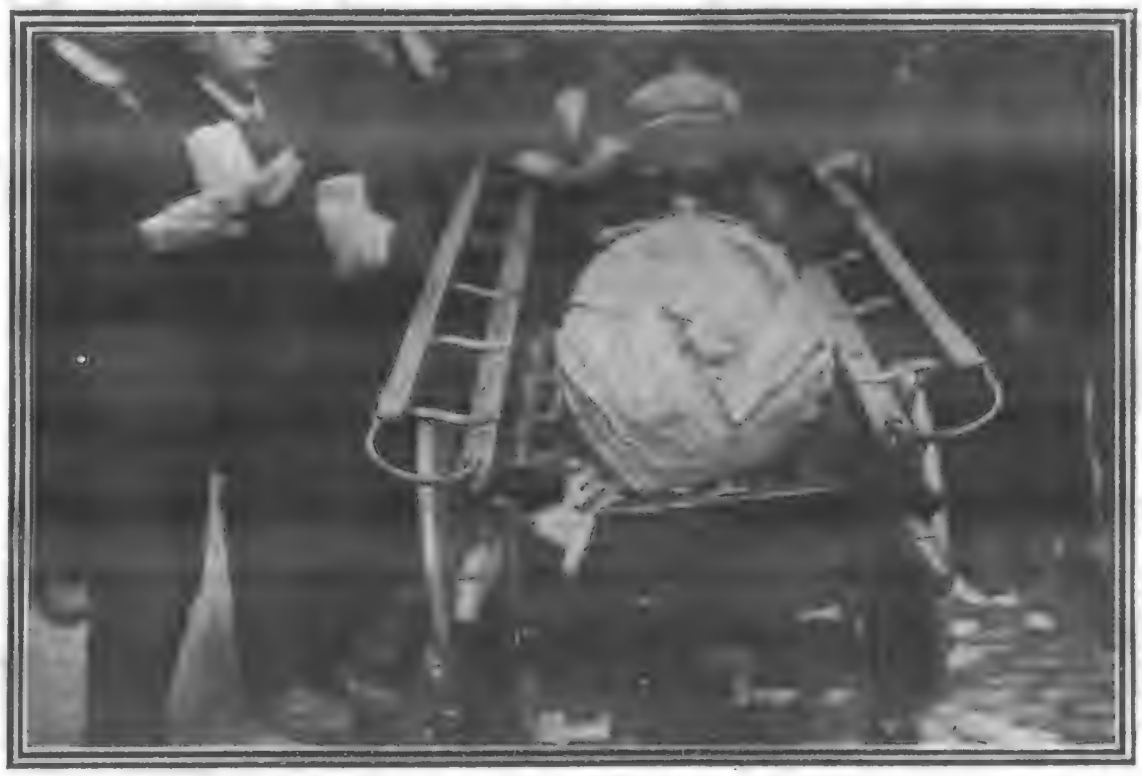
The bow was towed round to the dock gates by the tugs *Hercules* and *Hector* on Saturday, and floated into the dock at daylight on Monday in twenty-one feet of water. The after part was ballasted with sixteen feet of water to keep it in position, and blocks and four logs, fourteen inches square by forty feet long, were fastened to the plates of the after portion for regulating the distance when the bow was admitted.

The bow was next centred and placed in line with the after part, the water was pumped out, and the bow was then hauled into position by its own winches.

The task of uniting the two parts will occupy about two months. The first work to be done will be to remove from the bow a number of temporary plates, which were put on to give the necessary tightness to it during the voyage from Belfast. Regular lengths of plate will be substituted for these, and the work will then proceed on more or less normal lines.

It is stated that the new *Suevic* will be a stronger ship than the old one.

NOTICE.—*In future all Editorial Communications for "P. I. P." must be addressed to 172, Strand, W.C*



A HEAVY-WEIGHT CABBAGE, 31 lb.

This is supposed to be the finest cabbage ever grown. The boy is the son of Pedlar Palmer, the once well-known light-weight boxer, who was recently convicted for manslaughter.

JU-VIS

Ju-Vis is an absolutely pure and wholesome article made from Extract of Meat, with valuable vegetable additions. Simply add boiling water. Sold in 1d., 3½d., and 10½d. sizes. A penny tablet makes a Breakfast Cup of delicious

BEEF TEA

with valuable nutritive vegetable additions.

Also Sold in Fluid form—2-oz. bottles, 6½d.; 4-oz., 11½d.; 8-oz., 1s. 9d.

JU-VIS

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There is no soap value in the whole world to equal a 3d. tablet of Watson's Matchless Cleanser. Money returned to any customer finding cause for complaint

JOSEPH WATSON & SONS, LTD., WHITEHALL SOAP WORKS, LEEDS.

The Childrens Corner

THE SPIRIT OF THE MANGLE.

By NELLIE POLLOCK.

WHEN Dick jumped into bed and laid his brown curly pate on the pillow, the Moon was peeping through the curtain and smiling at him in a very friendly manner.

"Oh, I do feel tired," said the little boy, drawing the blankets up gratefully under his chin; and then he felt a funny little aching feeling in his arm.

"Oh," he chirped, with a little jump, "Whatever is that?—it feels as if—as if—why," he cried almost aloud, "I know what it is—it's through turning the mangle," and then he went off into a low, amused burst of laughter, as he remembered the squeaks and groans he had called forth from the old kitchen mangle when his mother had been out in the garden hanging out the clothes.

"Didn't we just have some fun?" he chuckled to himself under the warm, woolly blankets, as he remembered how Dicky Dumps, and his other friend, Freddy Frizzle, had turned that poor, ill-used mangle till it screeched and groaned with agony.

Just as he was remembering all this with intense delight, there came a faint little "Squee—ee—k, squee—ee—k."

"Why, mother hasn't finished yet," said Dick, starting up and listening. "There's that miserable, wretched old mangle again."

"Squee—ee—k, squee—ee—k," there it went, clearer and nearer than before.

"Oh," exclaimed Dick, rubbing his brown, tangled head. "I wish to goodness I had oiled the mangle to-day when mother told me, then it wouldn't be making this fearful row"—and, dropping back to pillow-dom again, Dick determined that he would *not* be kept awake by that miserable instrument of torture. So he closed his brown, mischievous eyes very tightly, and tucked up the bedclothes beneath his chin.

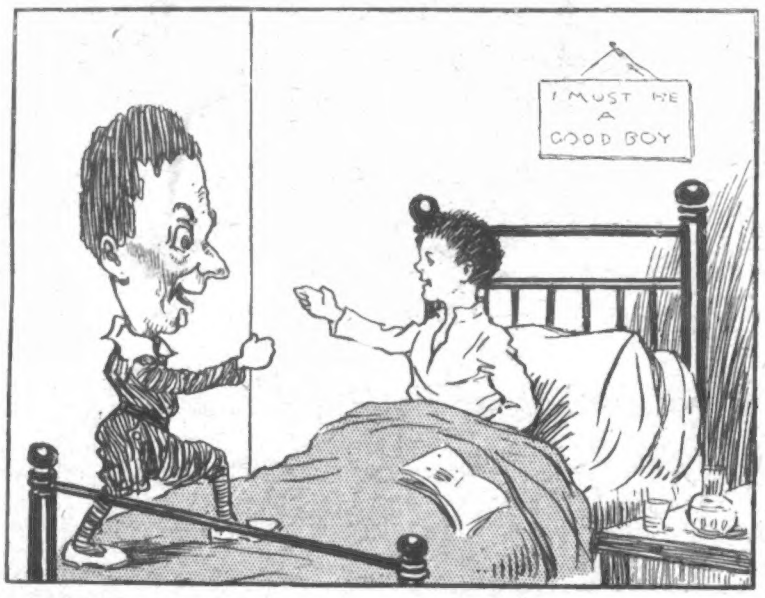
"Squee-ee-ee-eek, squeak—squeak—squeak"—and Dick wriggled impatiently at the miserable little irritating noise.

"I'll oil—it—to-morrow," he murmured sleepily. "To-morrow I shan't forget," and snap went his eyelids with a jerk, closing his sleepy eyes right up, so that all you could see was two dark rows of eyelashes.

"Hum! will you, indeed? Very good of you, I'm sure," squeaked a voice at his elbow, and the next moment Dick felt something very damp and cold brush past him.

"You 'll oil me, will you? Ha! I'll see to that—perhaps it 'll be me oiling you," piped the thin, quivery voice, very unsteadily.

"Gracious, who 's that?" asked Dick, stirring sleepily, and trying to open his heavy eyes.



DICK, JUMPING UP IN BED, BEHELD A LONG, THIN, SOAP-BUBBLE MAN SWINGING BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS ON THE BEDPOST.

"Gracious, who 's that?" chimed the other voice rudely.

"For goodness sake let a chap go to sleep," said Dick sharply, and was rewarded for his pains with a cold, damp breath upon his cheek.

"U—GH! U—GH!" he shuddered, as he gave a jump of fright.

"Ho! ho!" cried his damp, chilly visitor, "I'll wake you up a bit, just as you woke up my poor body to-day."

"Woke up your poor body," repeated Dick. "Why, my good fellow, I've never even seen you yet."

"Then see me now, and tell me how you like me," replied his visitor, and Dick, jumping up in bed, beheld a long, thin, soap-bubble man swinging backwards and forwards on the bed-post. His face was long and watery, and with his every movement his chin dipped up and down, and his long, thin, watery legs kept shrinking backwards and forwards, as he sat shivering opposite Dick and making hideous grimaces at him.

"A nice cold job I've got," he grumbled, his face nearly stretching from the ceiling to the ground. "Yes, and a nice time you give me, don't you? The way you ground my poor body round and round to-day—why, you nearly as possible killed me."

"Oh, gracious—and where do you live?" asked Dick, with wide open blue eyes, "I don't remember ever having seen you before."

"Oh, I suppose you don't think that there 's a poor fellow living in that mangle, and every time you make it squeak, it 's him groaning with pain. Oh!—oh, the way you mangled my poor body to-day—I shall never forget it, and the more I squeaked and groaned, the more you mangled backwards and forwards and shrieked with laughter. Ha! wait till you get there, I'll give you a good time," said the Spirit in a voice which suggested just the opposite, and his long, thin, watery face twisted right up into a knot of agony, and Dick began to feel quite interested as he watched him untwist it; but all interest vanished at his next words.

"Yes, you cruel, hard-hearted wretch; it wasn't enough to turn me round and round and make me scream, but you must invite your friends in to help you. Ha! you see I remember it all."

"Oh, please—please," pleaded Dick, watching the contortions of his visitor's face, and not knowing whether to laugh or cry. "I didn't think I was hurting you all the time—or else, or else, I wouldn't have done it."

"Ha! and when your mother asked you to oil the mangle and release me from my pain. Ha! what then?" asked the Spirit, who evidently had a wonderful memory.

"Oh, I'll oil it to-morrow—really, I shan't forget," said Dick eagerly. "And—and I 'll never hurt you again."

"You won't have the chance, my friend," said the Spirit, with a very unpleasant laugh, which made his legs curl up and twist round his neck. "You won't have a chance, I 'll see to that." And the next moment his long, thin legs shot him right over to Dick's bedside.

"Oh! Oh! Oh! don't hurt me, please, I 'll never do it again," pleaded Dick, feeling something cold and wet against his cheek. Ugh! there was the long, streaky, soapy man right near, making the most hideous grimaces you ever thought of; and his nasty wet, cold body was twisting up and untwisting again like india-rubber—one spring, and then—and then——

"Oh, oh!" screamed Dick shrilly; and, throwing out his hands, he—thrust them right through the soap-bubble man as he vanished in the air.

"Ugh—h—h! What an awful, horrible, nasty dream!" cried Dick, sitting up in bed, and shaking backwards and forwards like a delicious jelly. But there, it was a lesson to him, for he never played with the mangle again, but oils it now regularly every Thursday.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Conducted by Ellice Beere.

THE pre-eminent style in hats, just now, is of the "cloche" variety. Fortunately, it is one which can be very successfully attempted by the home milliner. Either a capeline or mushroom shape may be utilised as a foundation, and for trimming there is a fairly wide choice, though the fashion of the trimming follows one general arrangement. A panache of marabout feathers, or a mount of uncurled ostrich plumes, may be disposed on the hat at one side, or waving away from each side of the front. When the latter style is decided upon, and of the two it is the simpler of achievement, a pretty centre-piece where the plumes unite may be made of ribbon velvet wired into a large bow. When the feather mount is placed at one side, a chou of velvet, or three choux of velvet, may continue the trimming towards the front. A couple of pretty hat-pins, with large heads, provide the necessary finish nowadays to up-to-date millinery.

The Leading Style.

Mushroom hats of drawn silk or satin strike quite the last note in fashion. Frequently they are lined with a contrasting hue, and occasionally the hue of the lining is again repeated by a piping of the same colour on the brim of the hat. Sometimes the hat is all of one colour, in which case the trimming is generally in a lighter or darker shade of the same tint. The trimming, in some cases, is of the simplest description, though the effect contrived is very striking. Two very large choux of silk, placed towards the front, provide the sole trimming to many of the drawn silk hats, with an ornament or a flower in the centre of each chou.

Silk Hats.

We are not far off the eel-skirt. Hips are being tightly swathed; and in Paris, in many instances, the petticoat has been forsworn, and satin knickerbockers substituted. The costumes which are now leaving the hands of leading dressmakers all aim at clearly defined lines, and the "cut" of a gown promises to be more than ever the most important thing about it. The new mode will have the effect of making the majority of women appear tall and graceful, for there is nothing like a tightly-fitting skirt to lend height and elegance to the figure, always provided the wearer is of average proportions, and neither very stout nor very thin. The tunic skirt is a very pretty style, already in vogue for evening dresses, and one which is sure to advance in favour with next season, as it is more particularly adapted for light fabrics for spring wear rather than winter materials; but in cashmere, nun's veiling, or crepoline it is already being shown for day wear, with taffetas or velvet bordering on skirt and over-skirt. For evening wear, when silk, or satin, or ninon is requisitioned the Greek key-pattern makes one of the most effective borderings, and may be achieved by means of lace insertion, fancy trimming, or silk braiding. "Square" trimming of all kinds is the order of the day: square yokes, square bodices; and all braidings and edgings arranged in square patterns, of which the Greek key-pattern offers a very good example. Braiding is being made use of more and more as a means of trimming, and bands of Oriental trimming are not far behind, though, of course, they are less lavishly used on a costume, and appear rather as the finishing touch. Narrow gold and silver braid always gives an air of smartness to a plain costume, and can be added by the veriest amateur. A few fancy buttons will also be quite in keeping with the mode of the moment.

The Line of Fashion.

Photo. World's Graphic Press.

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN IN ENGLAND.

Her Majesty with her mother, Princess Henry of Battenberg, and a Lady-in-Waiting, walking in Kensington Gardens.

Lacquered gas-brackets that have become tarnished and dirty can be very effectually cleaned by rubbing over with slices of lemon and then polishing with a soft rag.

To Clean Gas-Brackets.

Most people at some time or other have been asked to contribute to a friend's album. It is a matter of difficulty to hit upon appropriate verses, and all of us are not artists. Here, however, is amusement for a wet afternoon, and an original idea which only needs care in the carrying out. The materials required are a few fern-leaves, a bottle of ink, a comb, and a tooth-brush, also a blank sheet of white or coloured note-paper—the note-paper to be fixed into the album afterwards. The fern-leaves are taken and laid on the paper to form a small bunch or as artistic an arrangement as possible. It is better for them not to overlap; the reason of this will be obvious as the work proceeds. When the leaves are arranged on the paper to lie as firmly as possible, without being attached in any way, the tooth-brush must be dipped evenly into the ink and grated over the comb—a tooth-comb, or, at any rate, a fine comb is essential, and it is better to get the first ink out of the tooth-brush by grating over blotting-paper. When it can be seen that the ink is being brushed finely through the comb, hold the comb over the fern-leaves and brush very, very gently and carefully until the spaces between the leaves are covered with fine specks of ink. Light and shade can be obtained by grating more ink in one place than another. After a time, remove the fern-leaves, and their form will be clearly seen by the white spaces. Their outlines can be touched up and the veinings marked by a pen, using the natural leaves as a guide. If the shading is not quite deep enough in places, the leaves can be rearranged exactly as they were before with a little care. Caution not to disturb the leaves while the work is in process is, however, very necessary. After a little practice, work of this description can be done straight into the album, but first attempts are better done on a piece of loose paper, which can afterwards be fixed into the album by cutting four diagonal slits in the page, slipping the corners of the paper into them.

A Novelty for the Confession-Album.

New Departure in Sleeves.

The long sleeve, extending over the hand, which has not been seen for many a long day, has made its reappearance in the cycle of Fashion. At present it is represented in ruched net and chiffon, and later, no doubt, there will be lace ones which will encircle the thumb and little finger, and be to all intents and purposes mitten as well as sleeve. The long sleeve means that gloves, which have hitherto been such an important item of our attire, will sink into comparative insignificance, and, at any rate, they will be one very expensive detail done away with. Mittens are sure now to become fashionable, so that the fortunate possessors of old chests stored with bygone finery may turn over their treasures.

Apple Fritters.

Apples are cheap and plentiful just now, and are, moreover, one of the most wholesome of fruits. The following recipe for apple fritters makes a favourite sweet: Peel, core, and cut into fairly thick slices half-a-dozen good-sized apples. Mix the following ingredients to a smooth batter: Half a cupful of flour, half a teaspoonful of baking-powder, together with a piece of butter the size of a nut, a saltspoonful of salt, half a cup of milk, and one well-beaten egg. Dip the slices of apple in the batter, then fry in boiling fat until a delicate brown. Serve on a very hot dish, mounted on a paper doiley, and lightly dusted over with castor sugar.

Chocolate Cakes.

Nice little chocolate cakes are made by rubbing a ¼ lb. of butter, a pinch of salt, 1¾ lb. of powdered chocolate, and a ¼ lb. of castor sugar into two breakfast-cupfuls of fine dry flour. Add three eggs, well beaten, and half a teaspoonful of essence of vanilla, and pour into well-buttered small cake-tins. They should be ready in ten minutes in a quick oven. If the mixture is baked in one or two large cake-tins, of course it will take longer in the baking—twenty minutes to half an hour.

Fascinating Models in Lace.

Lace blouses and kimonos at moderate prices are eagerly welcomed. Half-a-guinea will procure a really charming lace kimono, with guipure insertion and threaded coloured ribbon, the colour to be in accordance with the taste of the purchaser. For a slightly increased sum—namely, 14s. 11d., a pretty blouse of filet lace can be obtained, in Paris shade of lace, trimmed soft silk, in all the newest range of colours. The over-sleeve is very daintily cut to form kimono effect, and the under-sleeve is prettily puffed to the elbow. An extremely charming lace blouse, which has the additional merit of being stocked in three sizes, is priced at 9s. 6d. It is fashioned of heavy ivory lace, strapped with silk in any pale colour, and has epaulettes at the shoulder, falling over puff elbow-sleeves. The sum of 5s. 11d. will purchase a useful blouse of chiffon velveteen. This is a very warm and good wearing winter material. It is made with a yoke coming to two points in front, full sleeves to the elbow, and from thence long, tight-fitting cuffs to the wrist. For ornamentation this blouse depends on small buttons.

For Children's Parties.

Delicious chocolate wafers are made as follows: Mix one cup of butter, one cup of granulated sugar, and one of brown sugar, with one well-beaten egg and one cup of finely grated chocolate. Add enough flour to make a stiff paste. Roll very thin, cut with a square pasty-cutter, and bake in a hot oven. When a pasty-cutter is not available, a wine-glass or a tumbler may be turned upside down and requisitioned to stamp the pastry into small round cakes.

Hats for Every Type of Beauty.

The prevailing tints for early winter wear include red, bottle-green, and shades of brown. Coats and skirts of contrasting hues will be among the smartest tailor-mades, and the Parisian cut-away coat will, above all, lend itself to skilful combination in colour.

GOING TO SCHOOL.

The Donkey Express, used in a little village where the school is situated at too great a distance for the very small children to walk.

Green and blue, grey and purple, red and brown, will be exploited for the purpose. The hat will do well to agree with the coat in colour. Thus, with a grey skirt and purple coat, the hat should be purple. Various styles of trimming are suitable. A simple one, which is yet very effective, is to have three large choux placed towards the front. Clusters of grapes are also being used for millinery adornment, three bunches at a time being the fashionable number. Large hats of silk taffetas are extremely smart and not at all dear, for the effect produced. A very handsome one can be bought for twenty-five shillings, trimmed with big and imposing flowers, such as roses, in many shades of rich colourings. A delightful felt hat in Saxe blue costs only 16s. 11d. It is a large mushroom-shape and trimmed with a full and spreading feather mount waving away from each side in front. Velvet toques are also promised a degree of favour, but they must be of ample proportions. They are then very becoming, especially to a small face and short, slight figure. The tall woman, however, never appears at her best in a toque. Hats of the picture variety are more suited to her. The three-cornered hat is about to be revived. This always gives a very piquant appearance to its wearer. It is set off to advantage if worn with a coat having shoulder-capes.

Economy.

When the lace in the sleeves of a dress has become soiled, an easy method of renovating is to insert a couple of smart elbow frills. In fine lace these are now obtainable at 1s. 11d. per pair, and it is wonderful how far they will go towards brightening up an old or shabby costume.

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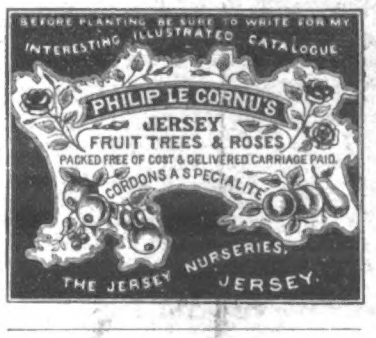

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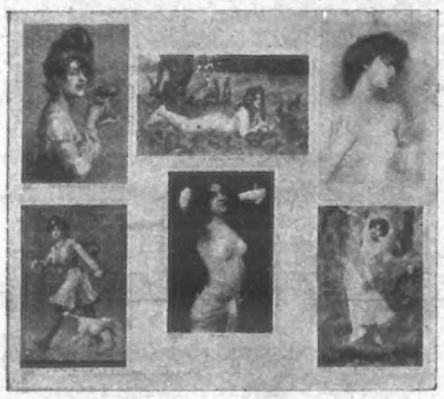

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